

# COUNTRY LIFE

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RITA MARTIN.

LADY WORSLEY.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## SOUTH AFRICA .. .. AND CANADA

IT has long been the boast of the City that it is the centre of the Empire, and it was before the Lord Mayor and the City Fathers that the Duke of Connaught gave the first adequate account of his visit to South Africa. The report of it should be studied by all who have the interests of the Empire at heart. As a literary essay it would be worth reading, but as the deliverance of one who has represented the King on a most important occasion, and who will shortly be called upon to be Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion of Canada, it has increased importance. The characteristic of the speech that struck us most was that it cast the light of a clear intelligence upon South African affairs. In it the Duke of Connaught exercised a rare intellectual power of discriminating between essentials and details. "You will no doubt feel with me," he said, "that a trip of some eighteen thousand miles cannot be described milestone by milestone." He had to generalise, but in doing so he never became vague. He was saved from this to a considerable extent by the vivid thumb-nail pictures which he gave every now and then of places that had impressed him. There was, for example, St. Helena, "a Colony washed by the melancholy ocean, an old Colony fallen on evil days since the withdrawal of the garrison." The pomp of a Royal tour did not prevent him from seeing with very clear

eyes the true facts of the situation. He noted with pride the signs of developing industry: the facilities for transportation over land and sea; the South African harbours and docks; the evidence of wealth and the certainty of great expansion; and he rose to eloquence in his plea that "now peace and union have come, you will leave no stone unturned to make the trade of the Cape, throughout Rhodesia, and of the whole of South Africa, British and your very own." He was struck by the harmony and friendship existing between two races lately at war, and thinks the time has come when Dutch and English should be no more and there should be only South Africans. Nor did he omit that third portion of the population, the dusky crowds whose future must be a cause of solicitude for many years to come. "They were always there in solid phalanx, giving their Royal salute to the representative of their King, and in many cases singing our National Anthem in their deep-toned voices." He did not go into the difficulties connected with the native races in any detail, and it would not have been proper for a representative of the King to do so. Statesmanship will have to dispose of them, and the Duke of Connaught, looking at the South African problem, not as an idealist, but as one well acquainted with the clash of opinions and the controversies that must ever arise in a free State, is content to trust to the solution which wise statesmanship will provide.

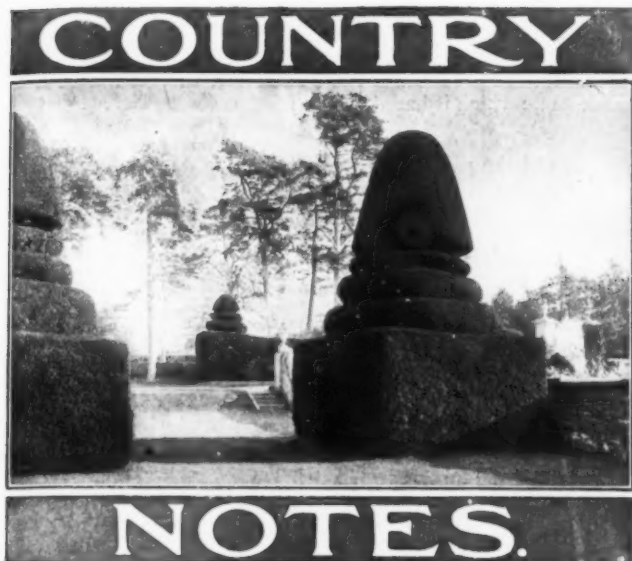
We all know that climate has a very potent sway over Colonies. It encourages the growth of indigenous populations to which it is suited, and does not always do the same for the newcomers. The need for emigrants to South Africa lies in the fact that both the Boers and the natives are more fertile than those who go out from Europe. That is one side of the question, but we cannot forget that in other continents the native races have not always flourished. The American Indian and the aborigine Australian have both dwindled before the advance of the white man; while in the United States the originally imported negroes have flourished enormously. We recall these facts simply to show the idleness of dogmatizing. In that great expansion and development which the Duke of Connaught, along with every well-informed statesman, believes to be imminent, it is doubtful how far the native will be able to acquire the arts by which white men flourish. Can he be turned into a good labourer, a steady cultivator of the soil, a mechanic, a clerk? Has he latent in him, though as yet undeveloped, the capacities that have enabled the white man to acquire command in so many directions? These are questions to which time will no doubt give an answer, but it will not be in the day and generation of those who are living. On the commercial outlook it was possible for the Duke to speak with more definiteness, because the facts are open and patent. A land so rich not only in precious metals, but in what is ultimately of more value, the materials for a thriving agriculture, can scarcely fail to go forward now that it has got rid of its racial perils. The solid grounds for hope in any country lie far more in husbandry than in gold-mines or precious stones. The Duke of Connaught did not fail to notice that those engaged in the settlement of South Africa are not addicted to keeping controversies open for their own sake. In truth, they are too much involved in hard, practical work to waste time or energy over mere argument. The latter is a luxury reserved for the idle.

It must strike everyone that the tour in South Africa which the Duke of Connaught has just concluded is a good preparation for the office which he will be called upon to fulfil in Canada. Some of our daily contemporaries have written as though his appointment was almost revolutionary in character. It is nothing of the kind. The Duke of Connaught, as one of the sanest and most level-headed members of the Royal Family, is probably the best qualified man now living, apart from the fact that he is the King's uncle, for succeeding Lord Grey. Canada is a little in advance of South Africa, but its future, too, must be largely concerned with solving the problems incidental to industrial and agricultural development. He is likely to be a very popular Governor-General, and his past affords the best assurance that he will be a good one.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of Lady Worsley is reproduced as our frontispiece this week. Lady Worsley is the youngest daughter of the third Baron Vivian, and sister of the present Baron. Her marriage to Lord Worsley, the eldest son of the Earl of Yarborough, took place on Tuesday, January 31st.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



WHILE recognising it as a national affront that certain newspapers of the baser sort, which are the mouthpieces of revolutionaries of the worst description, should publish base and unfounded libels on the King of England, His Majesty's loyal subjects may be permitted to offer him their respectful congratulation on the opportunity that has been afforded to give the calumny a complete, absolute and unanswerable denial. No case could possibly have been more thorough and convincing. There is not a single scrap of ground left for doubt. The names of two ladies were mixed up with the affair. Of these one has spoken to the King on a solitary occasion, and the other not at all. The registers from Malta were brought over to this country by the Crown Advocate of Malta, who in the witness-box declared that the most diligent search had been made, with the result that there was no entry which justified a shadow of suspicion. No lady of the name of Seymour had been married there within the period during which the King, or Prince George as he then was, stayed on the island. His Majesty's advisers deserve praise for their advice. It has enabled a contradiction to be made that will render a repetition of the libel impossible.

It is not easy, under any circumstances, to estimate the probable effects of the establishment of free trade in wheat between the United States and Canada; but the difficulties in the way are greatly increased by the determined efforts of rival partisans to show that the change must be fatal either to Free Trade or to Protection, according to the principles of the controversialist. But one or two simple and plain deductions can be drawn. Both the United States and Canada are exporters of wheat, and it is not in the slightest degree probable that the proposed arrangement will curtail their producing powers. On the contrary, the flow of capital from the United States into the Canadian wheat land, which has been going on for some time, is likely to be increased, and consequently we may look for a vast increase in the amount of wheat sent out from Canada.

The next question is, How is the price going to be affected? When the United States was one of the chief sources of supply for Europe, there were several attempts to rig the market by making a corner in wheat. The task proved too gigantic even then, and brought disaster on the financiers who attempted it. It must become still greater when the supply of both the United States and Canada will have to be controlled, and it is very difficult to see how the price of exported wheat is going to be raised simultaneously with a vast advance in production. There are in reality no data on which to base a forecast either of one kind or of another; the only safe course is to adopt the policy of Mr. Asquith's immortal words, "Wait and see."

Are the English poor thriftless or are they saving is a question that it is much easier to ask than to answer. They are frequently accused of thriftlessness and contrasted with the frugal, not to say penurious, peasants of France and the working-classes of Germany. But it must have struck many people, when the Small Holdings Act came into operation, that the English countryman must be more saving than is generally thought. It was freely asserted on all sides that many of the applicants for small holdings would not be able to produce the ten pounds an acre

or so of capital which is necessary to work land to advantage; yet there were comparatively few instances in which the money was not forthcoming. Where the working-man places his savings is not so easily discovered. The Post Office Savings Bank is not so popular as it might be, nor are building societies.

If, however, the plan of popularising Consols, which has been discussed very freely during the last few days, were carried out, it is very possible that those earning weekly wages would take advantage of it. If they could go into a post-office and buy, say, five pounds worth of Consols bearing interest at something like three per cent., there is every reason to believe that they would appreciate this encouragement to economy, and the results would be beneficial in every way. Our premier security would be greatly steadied by the admission of the small investor, and it is very much to the good that those who otherwise might have to fall back on the Poor Law or the Old Age Pension should have an opportunity of making some provision for themselves.

In presenting awards to the students of the Royal Institute of British Architects on Monday night, the president, Mr. Leonard Stokes, announced a novel and attractive scheme. Its basis is the idea that only a student can rouse students, and Mr. Stokes is guaranteeing a prize of twenty guineas for the best address by a student to his fellows. There is about this an engaging flavour of the revels of the Boy-bishops in the Middle Ages, emphasised by the further suggestion that the judges of these novel proceedings shall be under thirty years of age. The competitors are even incited to remodel (on paper) the institute over which Mr. Stokes presides, and altogether the notion has manifest possibilities. At the same meeting Mr. Selwyn Image, Slade Professor at Oxford, pleaded guilty to the President's charge that the Universities had done little for Architecture, the Queen of the Fine Arts, but he promised amendment.

#### THE FAIRY-STORY PRINCESS'S SONG.

When I kept my very first birthday  
The sun and the moon came down,  
The moon she gave me a silver scarf,  
And the sun a golden gown.  
I only wear my golden gown when I've got to be smartly  
dressed,  
But my silver scarf is for every day,  
And I like it much the best.  
My dress is woven of sunshine and it glitters all day so  
bright,  
But my scarf of silvery moonbeams  
Is lovelier far by night.  
The fairy queen's best milliner made  
My glorious gown of gold,  
But the moon she knitted my silvery scarf  
With her silvery fingers cold.  
The sun loves pomp and splendour,  
He shines on my golden crown,  
He makes my jewels sparkle  
When I ride in state through town.  
But oh! for a night with the silver moon on her silver  
silver throne,  
Then I turn my back on the pomp and state  
And I dance for her alone.

CELIA CONGREVE.

Lord Morley of Blackburn, though speaking with an evident determination to be optimistic to the English Association, had to confess that though in all the kingdom of letters there are armies of workers, the thrones are vacant. In the Victorian Era there were kings only. The novel had its masters in Thackeray and Dickens; poetry had its Tennyson, its Browning, its Swinburne, its Morris; science its Darwin; art criticism its Ruskin; and morality its Carlyle; while there were many tributary kings so powerful as scarcely to owe allegiance to any of these. But the present age, although it may be preparing for great men, does not possess them.

Lord Morley gives one or two particularly happy examples of the two types of literary men. We have in Tennyson a poet with endless curiosity, eyes and ears, and intelligence all alert to catch the newest thought, the result of the latest enquiry, and embody it in his graceful and sinuous verse. On the opposite side we have a man like Rossetti, absolutely indifferent to scientific research. He used to declare very firmly that it was not certain that the earth really revolved round the sun, and followed this up with the assertion that it mattered very little whether it did or not! Lord Morley tells of meeting him once on the evening of a General Election and being thunderstruck to find the poet unaware that such an event was taking place.



Mr. Robert Bridges has committed himself to the forecast that within the lifetime of the present generation phonetic spelling will be introduced into the elementary schools. As we read his words imagination at once begins to play with some of the exquisite verses of the speaker.

When first we met we did not guess  
That love would prove too hard a master.

How would that look in phonetic spelling? Or how would that still more beautiful Oxford lyric look? Mr. Bridges has inherited purity of language from the long line of English poets, and it is inconceivable that something would not be lost if an uncouth phonetic spelling were applied to his work. If the scheme proposed were carried out, the body of English literature would have sped far on the way of becoming a literature in a dead language, like that of Greece or like that of Rome.

It is easy to assent to the criticism so ingeniously put forward by Mr. Bernard Shaw, who divided English into three types—Queen Victoria's English, the curates' English, and the motor-car week-end sort of English. These are types of what is more or less a refined tongue. Queen Victoria unquestionably had the rare power of writing and of speaking in an entirely unaffected manner that rose or fell naturally in harmony with the subject engaging her attention; and her language was very different from that ordinarily heard in society. But then variety does not end with the classification of Mr. Bernard Shaw. There is the broad patois of the countryman—the innumerable dialects spoken throughout Great Britain, where every parish has its own inflection. These methods of pronouncing may look odd and bizarre to the dramatic student, but they are in reality very illuminating in regard to the conversation of our forefathers. Mr. Shaw cites Mr. Forbes Robertson as the most finished speaker of English living, and we agree with him; but, if it had been possible to preserve Shakespeare's voice in a phonograph, what similarity would there have been between his pronunciation and that of his very distinguished twentieth century interpreter? To do away with all the existing variety and to substitute a monotonous system may be a time-saving and labour-saving contrivance, but it does not present much attraction to the lovers of our English tongue.

Statisticians are constantly telling us that the Cockney belongs to a very short-lived race of men. If so, Mr. Isaac Johnson, to whom the King has just transmitted his congratulations on the celebration of his hundredth birthday, is a brilliant exception to the rule. He was born at Vauxhall, which is near enough the centre of London for all practical purposes, and at a very early age became errand-boy to a bookseller in the Strand. Then he went to work at a cement factory at Nine Elms. During his leisure he had supplemented a scant education at an elementary school by attendance at night school, and to what purpose may be guessed from the fact that he became the inventor of the process for the manufacture of Portland cement. He is still the head of the firm of Messrs. I. C. Johnson, Limited. As far back as 1864 he was Mayor of Gateshead. How extraordinary his vitality must be is evident from the fact that at eighty-eight years of age he learned to ride a tricycle, and continued to enjoy that form of exercise till very recently. He is occupying himself now with translating the Greek Gospels. Surely this is one of the most wonderful of centenarians.

We have referred before to a proposal of the Cumberland County Council which will be interesting to every motorist in the beautiful district of the lakes. That section of the high road from Keswick to the foot of the Honister Pass has for a long time been scarcely less famous for the inconvenience and even danger arising from its lack of sufficient width than for the lovely scenery through which it leads. The beauty is sufficiently indicated by saying that it goes by the length of Derwentwater, past the Falls of Lodore, through Borrowdale and so on to Honister. The scheme of widening the road has been under discussion for some time, and it seems as if the last obstacle to it had now been removed by a decision of the Cockerthwaite Rural Council to contribute £850 to the cost. The total estimate is for £6,500, and the idea is to attend first to the portion of the road from Keswick to Lodore and give it a width of eighteen feet.

Everyone who has any interest in sporting dogs will have heard with sincere regret of the death of Mr. J. P. Gardner of Hagley Hall, Rugeley. It was in spaniels especially that the late Mr. Gardner interested himself, owning, perhaps, the finest and best broken springers in the country. He was at one time president of the Sporting Spaniel Society and a supporter, almost from its inception, of the International Gun-dog League. It is always remembered of him that, winning an action at law

against the War Office, in which he was awarded damages for injury done at the manoeuvres to the game on his shooting on Cannock Chase, he declined to take the money fine, but stipulated that the War Office should re-stock the ground with the black-game which it had driven off.

One of the prettiest features in our gardens and woodlands at this season is created by the snowdrop, a simple flower immortalised by poets and loved by everyone. Planted in large drifts in the woodland beneath some of the taller trees, its purity and simplicity are intensified by the austerity of its surroundings. Although the common snowdrop, *Galanthus nivalis*, is to be found in most gardens in this country, the other and larger-flowered species, of which there are at least a dozen, do not seem to be well known except to nurserymen and a few specialists. Visitors to the Royal Horticultural Society's exhibition on Tuesday last had an opportunity of seeing some of these little-known kinds, as a number were included in several of the exhibits of hardy plants. Although the snowdrop is generally regarded as a harbinger of spring, there are two kinds at least which flower in autumn, a season when their dainty flowers are not, however, so highly appreciated. It is strange that in the general progress which has been made among our popular flowers the snowdrop has been neglected by the hybridist.

#### THE PRINCESS.

*A Story from the Modern Greek.*

A princess armed a privateer to sail the Chersonese  
And fitted it with purple sails to belly in the breeze,  
With golden cords and oaken boards and a name writ out in pearls  
And all the jolly mariners were gallant little girls.

The king's son he came hunting her in frigates two or three,  
"Give me one kiss, Princess," he cried, "and take a ship from me.  
And would you like the yellow boat or would you like the red,  
Or would you take myself and mine, the gold and green instead?"

"Sir, handsome fellow as you are, it's curious, you know,  
To ask a maid for kisses in mid-archipelago:  
But come and fight with us, young man; the prize is for the brave."

They fought: it chanced the lady won and seized him for a slave.

She drave him to the yellow boat and lashed him to the oar.  
"Now pull, my handsome Prince," said she, "till you can pull no more."

"O, Princess, do but listen to a valiant boy's appeal,  
And take me from this bitter oar and put me at the wheel."

"O, foolish Prince," the Princess cried; "back to your oar and pull."

Row hard and soon we'll anchor in the gulf of Istamboul.  
While the slaves collect provisions and the sailors go for drink  
You may chance to find your captain not so brutal as you think."

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

It is devoutly to be wished that the letter which Mr. Joynson Hicks, the chairman of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, has circulated to all the road authorities in the United Kingdom will be read and marked with the attention which it deserves. Its main purpose is to emphasise the danger and inconvenience to traffic generally which is the result of leaving the hedges straggling and uncut; but it is more especially needful that the authorities should exercise their powers to cut, or to insist on the cutting of, the hedge growth at corners which the unkempt height of the hedge renders "blind." In many cases where the present danger is acute, it could be entirely removed by lowering the height of the hedge by no more than a foot. What is necessary is that a driver sitting on the seat of a car at a normal elevation should be able to see, over the hedge angle, the approach of another car.

Surprise is often expressed that shepherds, fishermen and others who spend their lives in the open air can foretell the state of the weather after what seems like merely a look round and a sniff of the breeze. But their power is only due to conclusions they have learned to draw from observations made almost unconsciously. The amateur weather-prophet must take observations of some sort, even if he cannot read "Nature's weather-glasses"; but to make up for his lack of experience in drawing conclusions from what he sees, a set of tables has just been published by a clever meteorologist. There is a separate table for every important direction of the wind; and each table consists of four columns, containing in one, the possible variations of the barometer, and in the others three chief divisions of the year. All that is necessary is to notice the direction of the wind, any recent change, and the height of the barometer, and then "turn to the right table."



## LOOKING SEAWARD.

**I**F ever a picture could make one wish to be a poet, it would surely be such a one as we show on our first page to-day. There are certain elements in poetry which never seem to grow old, and in ancient times, when there was far more tolerance of repetition than there is to-day, certain conventions were frankly laid down. Students of Tennyson will remember that the model from which "Locksley Hall" was taken was a poem written expressly to meet an Eastern convention that a good poem should have in it an ancient and ruined building that had been a trysting-place for unhappy lovers. If the old Poet Laureate had chanced to come across the ancient castle, so happily rendered and at an opportune moment by the photographer, we can easily believe that a still later "Locksley Hall" would have been inspired. Here is, first of all, the sea,

and the sea plays on a shore that is lonely, but beautiful even in its desolation. We do not happen to know the particular castle of which a picture is given, and, indeed, if we properly conceive the aim of the artist, the identity of the castle would be a matter of indifference to him. What he saw with his mind's eye were certain elements that, taken in combination, form one of those beautiful images which, for want of a better term, we designate as poetry. Something that is at once haunting and beautiful and suggestive, that brings with it dreams of a different time and visions such as great poets beheld in their most inspired moments. There is the castle looking seaward, over a low shore and the multitude of waves. There is a sunset, caught with a skill that the ancient painter might envy, and a light which could not properly be described as that which



Wordsworth means by his immortal phrase, "The light of setting suns." He was probably thinking of a still summer night when the sun disappears in clear, still and gorgeous brilliance. Here there is a something of storm and wrack that is more suggestive of the death of the day than of evening light. The picture carries the mind insensibly to so many ancient castles that are built on eminences of the sea, probably for the double purpose of giving the watchman the widest possible view of the sails of any advancing enemy and also of forming a site whence a bale fire could be seen at the greatest distance. Yet how magnificent some of those castles were. The mind naturally turns to the gigantic pile of Bamburgh fronting the North Sea, across which the ancient Vikings rode before Christianity had been firmly established in the land. One thinks of Dunstanburgh, where the ruins of the great halls and chambers and forts are still to be seen, proclaiming the power of the great barons who at one time inhabited it, and preaching a sermon, that only such stones can preach from the text, *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Sir Walter Scott, who loved these old Border castles as no one else ever did, tells us how as a child he peopled them

was in the days when castles were not built merely as beautiful residences, but for purposes of defence and refuge. The mind is unable to form any true picture of what it was like. Yet only the human actors have changed. The essential elements of the scene remain exactly as they were. They are simple and yet so grand that it is scarcely possible to describe them without becoming Ossianic in language. To say that the sea ebbs and flows, that the sun rises and sets, that the earth in its stillness burgeons in spring and sleeps in winter now as it did when masons were at work on these walls is like repeating a truism, and yet they are the facts to be kept in mind when trying to reconstruct a world we say has passed away. The world has not passed away at all; it is only the generation of men that has disappeared, just as leaf in autumn will disappear. A few hundred years afford sufficient time for great houses like the Roman villas to be heaped over with sand and buried in a grove of trees and other vegetation, for castles whose walls seem to challenge Time and its ravages to crumble and decay; but yet a thousand years is a very brief moment in the history of the earth. If we think of the vast changes that have taken place, that the sun



H. W. Burnup.

NO MAN'S LAND.

Copyright.

with the old warriors. He pictures the people coming "to revel, wassel-rout and brawl." In his boyhood he fancied he could see the windows of Smailham Tower darkened with the grim features of a moss-trooping soldiery scarred and grimy with battle. To what purpose he meditated on the inhabitants of these old keeps may be judged from the fact that one of the finest scenes in "Marmion," that in which the English knight beards "the Douglas in his Hall," was made for the express purpose of bringing in an old castle. So the one magnificent tragedy which he wrote, "The Bride of Lammermoor," owes its conception to a similar ruin. To the Wizard it was an ever-present feeling that, as Coleridge put it, "Those knights are dust, Their good swords rust, Their souls are with the saints we trust." "*Sic transit!*" one is tempted to exclaim again. The boatmen who came across the sea in their long keels, the watchers who caught sight of them from the high towers by the sea, the priests who invoked help at their altars, they all have passed into oblivion. Scarcely any record remains. Here and there the stones of a ruined court, here and there a tower left like some ruined tree in the forest, here and there an inscription may help the antiquary to work out some faint realisation of what life

is expending its energy, that heat is being diffused in space, that the water is modifying conditions, then a thousand years, which seems such a huge period in the history of the race, becomes of very little consequence. It is doubtful if any natural change important enough to be measurable has occurred within that time.

It is all baffling and humiliating. Even among those rude soldiers there must have been some who looked before and after, and who wondered what course events would take in the history of their country. It is impossible that their wildest dreams could have approached the reality, and it is in thinking of them that places such as those we picture rouse so much of that vague feeling which we call poetry. It is in reality to a large extent wonder, and those alive now feel that they, too, must depart while many problems which to them are of the utmost importance remain still unsolved. What will England be after all those who are at present living have descended into the dust? Is it possible that she may furnish an exception to the general rule, and continue strong and mighty for many generations yet to come? Or is hers to be the fate of Babylon and Imperial Rome, of Persia and all the great Empires that have existed?

To them as to the individual a limit seems to have been put. They ripe and ripe and then they rot and rot. No doubt some of the warriors of the olden time, as they faced the castle walls in the evening light, discussed these matters just as we are discussing them. We can easily fancy the adherents of Mary Stuart looking for an early dissolution of the kingdom over which she reigned. It would be open to them to see danger from many sides, yet it was not they who were justified, but the more resolute characters who believed that whatever might happen, the throbbing, energetic blood of the Scot would carry him forward to victory. Those crumbling walls, no doubt, tell of defeated foes, but the victory of the race has enabled them to make a pathetic memorial in the centre of a prosperous land.

## OLD EDINBURGH.

LORD ROSEBERY, "The Golden Mouthed," had a subject much to his liking when called upon to discourse to the Old Edinburgh Club the other day on "Old Edinburgh." His humour and sympathy had a good outlet in his dealing with Prince Charlie's visit to Holyrood—that glorious six weeks of power in the life of an exile and a wanderer. As Lord Rosebery said, whatever Mr. Blaikie or other modern historian may do, most of us will form our impression from Scott's inimitable Waverley chapters, where the King in his kilts leads out Flora McIvor to dance, though the ruthless dry-as-dust tells us that he never wore kilts and that he could not dance. But the most remarkable passage in Lord Rosebery's speech was the singularly vivid and striking description of the High Street in the olden time, "this long, narrow street beginning at a castle and ending at a palace, with the names of everybody written in large white letters on the doors." Then we have a description of the people walking about it that is only equalled in the pages of Dunbar.

Lord Rosebery's word-picture is so perfect that it cannot be summarised; we must quote it verbatim: "The Highland porters—viewed with suspicion, but used as being capable and strong when sober—slouching about; the City Guard, with their Lochaber axes, bibulous and inefficient, a subject perhaps of mockery rather than of respect; a much thinner population than we are now accustomed to see, all going about shopping in the Luckenbooths opposite; the apprentices and clerks hurrying about with their stoups full of claret, drawn from the wood, to supply their masters' dinner; and all along those secret closes and passages, apparently so peaceful, but which at any moment could pour out the fiercest and most formidable mob in the world."

Then beside it he places this night piece: "Then at night you had the Sedan chairs flocking about, and the link-boys with their torches showing the way; Lady Eglinton, with her seven beautiful daughters, in eight Sedan chairs—that was later

—going to the assemblies presided over by Miss Mickey Murray; all vivid and picturesque, all ancient, but all characteristic. But to those who could remember the outbreaks of violence which occasionally characterised Edinburgh, it must have seemed sometimes like living on a volcano. I do not know of any mob in history which seems to me so formidable in its silence, in its discipline, in its unexpectedness, and in its ruthlessness as the mob which dragged Porteus to his death."

Very interesting indeed was Lord Rosebery's *résumé* of the works of the English traveller who visited Edinburgh about



MURMURING EVERLASTINGLY.

the time of the Union. Taylor, "a gentleman of the Inner Temple," came two years before the Union. Taylor had the good luck to hear Lord Belhaven deliver that magnificent speech against the Union which was subsequently printed as a pamphlet and continued to sell for many years afterwards. The traveller seemed to be very much of Lord Belhaven's opinion. On his way South, on coming to a stony and wild part of Westmorland, he said: "If the projected Union with England ever takes place, I should wish that Scotland should be united with Westmorland as being the only congenial state to which it should be united." Calamy visited Edinburgh two years after the Union and painted Scotland couleur de



rose; but he seems to have been much more hospitably treated than his predecessor. Whenever he stopped at a burgh, the provost and bailies at once waited on him and proffered the burgh ticket. Lord Rosebery, who

knows his countrymen well, finds that the offer of this burgh ticket was oftener than not an excuse for that conviviality which was the fashion in Scotland at the opening of the eighteenth century.

## THE FRIENDLIEST COMPANION.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the tendency to run after anything new, and the consequent popularity of the Scottish, West Highland White and other terriers, our old friend the fox-terrier still manages to carry his stern gaily and to present a cheerful front to the world. If we could have some precise and definite ruling as to the amount of preparation permissible for a show, sufficiently clear to prevent the beginner going astray, many recruits would come in who now stand aloof. It is somewhat curious that, after all these years, breeders have not succeeded in getting a hard natural coat of desirable length. Happily,

second place, many terriers of the leading show strains are attached to packs of hounds, or have proved their worth in a badger's earth. When so many thousands are bred it is obvious that all cannot be entered for their legitimate occupation, and some of necessity will be soft; but so long as a working ideal is aimed at, one cannot well complain. The Fox-Terrier Club's standard stipulates that bone and strength in a small compass are essential; but this must not be taken to mean that a terrier should be in any way "cloggy" or coarse—speed and endurance must be looked for as well as power. Weight is not a certain criterion of a terrier's fitness for his work; general



T. Reveley.

CHAMPION OXONIAN.



T. Reveley.

CHAMPION DRUSUS.



D. Hedges.

CHAMPION ALPORT DERBY.

things seem to be improving, thanks to the persistent efforts of a few enthusiasts.

One has not much difficulty in accounting for the extreme regard in which the fox-terrier is held alike by "the man in the street," the sportsman and the more limited number who go in for exhibiting. More and more are being bred every year, and something like three thousand pedigree dogs are registered each twelve months at the Kennel Club. The fox-terrier is a dog that is equally at home in the field, the streets of a town, or in the smoking-room—hard, game, intelligent, with a keen nose and an inherent love of sport of all kinds. The breed are active, handy in size, and thoroughly symmetrical. They should, indeed, be built on the lines of a fourteen-stone show hunter, neck and shoulders, legs, feet and bone, back, loin and quarters at their best being what they should be in the horse. While it is true that the caterpillar type of terrier, with an abnormally long body and short legs, finds favour with some, the more symmetrically-shaped animal has the most admirers. The exertions and skill of breeders have rendered him to-day more sizable, and one sees any number, varying from sixteen pounds to eighteen pounds, furnished with plenty of bone and substance, and a constitution that can withstand any weather and work. In disposition fox-terriers are not naturally quarrelsome, although

when occasion requires they can fight until further orders.

To many people, I admit, the show terrier is everything that is bad; but one or two considerations should make one hesitate to subscribe to such a proposition. In the first place, most of our leading breeders are as keen sportsmen as their terriers;



ROWTON GRADUATE.

some are, or have been, Masters of Foxhounds, many others hunt; and it is not reasonable to suppose that these gentlemen would go on perpetuating a dog that is constructed on hopelessly wrong lines, or that has lost his fire and courage. In the

shape, size and contour are the main points, and if a dog can gallop and stay and follow his fox up a drain, it matters little what his weight is to a pound or so, though, roughly speaking, it may be said that he should not scale over twenty pounds in show condition.

On these pages we are able to illustrate some of the best-known terriers of the past few years. The list does not profess to be entirely comprehensive, photographs suitable for reproduction not existing of some that would otherwise have been included. Sufficient are printed, however, to depict the prevailing type. Dealing first with the smooths, in Champion Drusus we have a worthy example of the stamp which has made famous throughout the world the name of Mr. Francis Redmond, who has stamped an individuality upon his strain that makes it recognisable anywhere. Drusus has beautiful head, neck and shoulders, and his bone is clean and round. Mr. S. Gratrix's

Champion Alport Derby is another dog teeming with quality, who has achieved highest honours in all parts of the country, having won over two hundred first prizes and cups. Mr. H. Tudor Crothwaite has a powerful kennel at Pangbourne, of which the best-known inmates are Donna's Double, Champion Tally Ho and Champion Tawdry. Donna's Double, who weighs seventeen pounds, won the Fox-Terrier Club's grand challenge cup for smooths at the late club show, and as she is not yet two years old, we should

hear much more of her in the future. She ranks among the best terriers we have ever had. Tally Ho, who has seven championships to his credit, has been entered to badger. His character and expression are very taking. His daughter, Champion Tawdry, has nearly equalled his number of championships, and her merit may be gauged from the fact that she is the present holder of the Redmond Challenge Cup for the best smooth terrier under seventeen pounds. Mr. Crothwaite has great faith in the working capacities of well-bred fox-terriers of moderate size and not too high on the leg, provided they are properly entered.



T. Reveley.

CHAMPION NADA.



T. Reveley.

CHAMPION TALLY HO.



T. Reveley.

CHAMPION TAWDRY.



T. Reveley.

DONNA'S DOUBLE.

The beautiful bitch, Champion Nada, is the property of Mr. F. W. Bright, who is making such an effective successor to Mr. J. C. Tinne in the hon. secretaryship of the Fox-Terrier Club. Nada, who is built on thoroughly sound lines, has placed over a hundred and fifty prizes to her credit in the most strenuous competition. The photograph of Rowton Graduate, owned by Mr. Edwin Powell, jun., scarcely does him justice. He has a long, punishing head, and his shoulders are specially deserving of praise. He comes of a family that wears well, the heads rather improving than coarsening with age. No gallery of fox-terriers would



D. Hedges.

HUNTSMAN'S BRISTLES.

be complete without the inclusion of Champion Oxonian, owing to the important influence he has exercised upon the breed. When Mr. Desmond O'Connell, his breeder, sold him to Mr. F. Reeks, it is impossible to think that he realised, or anyone else, for the matter of that, the part [this dog was

destined to play. To-day it is not easy to find first-class terriers without Oxonian blood. Among these pictures, for instance, we have Drusus, by Champion Avon Oxendale, by Oxonian. Tally Ho is a son of his, and Tawdry, therefore, a grand-daughter. Rowton Graduate is another son, while Nada is a grand-daughter. The list could be extended almost indefinitely. Oxonian, who was bred in 1902, was a son of Dark Blue (Eton Blue out of Brockenhurst Wail), his dam being Overture (Rowton Baron out of Charlton Guinea Gold). I imagine that few sires of any variety can equal his record for prepotency.

Not many years have passed since the Duchess of Newcastle, relinquishing the pre-eminence she had gained in the borzoi world, embarked upon the difficult task of breeding fox-terriers, and the position of the Clumber kennels to-day is a remarkable testimony to her acumen. She has told us herself that her foundation stock consisted of matrons purchased for a few pounds; but in a short time the appearance of winner after winner made it quite evident that she had made her calculations

to a nicety. No one will deny, I suppose, that the Clumber dogs have exercised a beneficial influence upon the breed in many respects, especially in the direction of coats and workmanlike character. That doughty old champion, Cackler of Notts, has passed away, but others of the highest class remain to carry on the succession. Champion Collar of Notts, one of the best wire dogs living, is home-bred all through, his sire being Comedian of Notts and his dam Curdy of Notts. The Fox-Terrier Club's fifty-guinea challenge cup for the best wire-haired dog was won by him at the recent show. He is a gay terrier, seventeen pounds in weight, with rich black and Belvoir tan markings. The texture of his coat is all one could wish. It is pleasant to know that he is transmitting his fine qualities, which are exemplified in his son, Collarbone of Notts, and that lovely bitch, Champion Morden Bumblebee, which Miss Hatfield recently sold to Mr. Way, who also owns Collarbone. Another son of Comedian is Chunkey of Notts, who has won many firsts and two championships. He is a small, compact dog, with perfect body, legs and feet. Clio of Notts is also well on the way to the coveted honour of a full championship, as she has already secured two out of the necessary three challenge certificates. This daughter of Champion Cackler is a beautiful stamp, with a rare coat, and is dam of a litter of which great things are hoped.

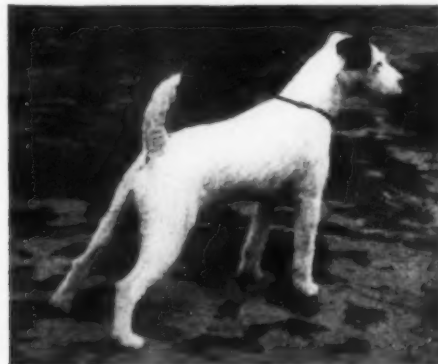


T. Reveley.

DUSKY NIPPER.

Mr. Redmond's wire-hair, Dusky Nipper, like his kennel mate Drusus, is under sixteen pounds in working condition, and therefore small enough to please any Master of Hounds or huntsman. He is good in head, and altogether is a terrier that fills the eye. Huntsman's Bristles, owned by Mr. A. E. Hill, was bought at a big figure for stud purposes after he had made but one public appearance, at which he was awarded a first prize. His head is long and powerful, and his neck and shoulders are in every way admirable. He has a short body and a natural hard wire jacket.

A. CROXTON SMITH.



E. Taylor.

CHUNKEY OF NOTTS.



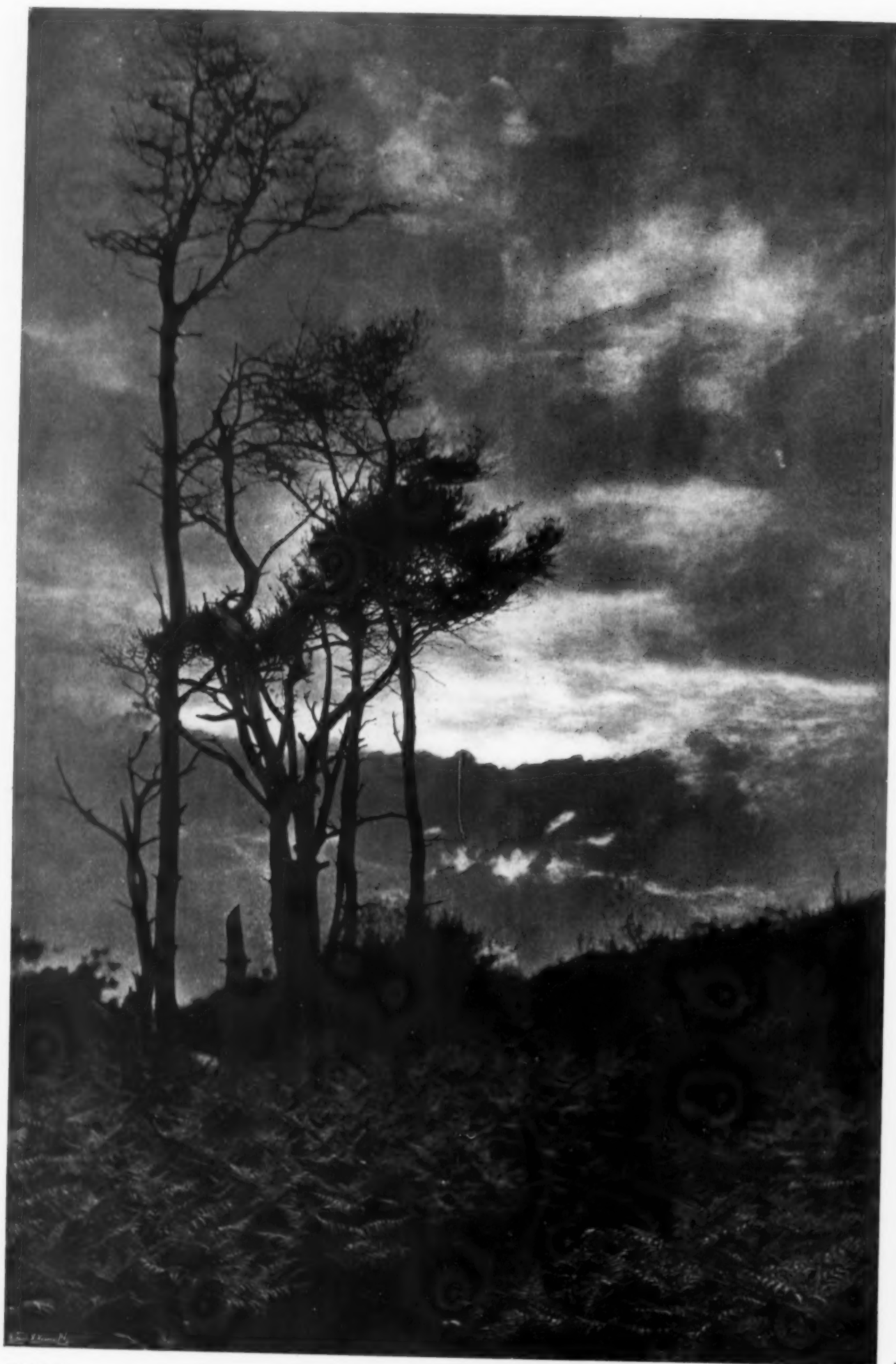
D. Hedges.

CHAMPION COLLAR OF NOTTS.



D. Hedges.

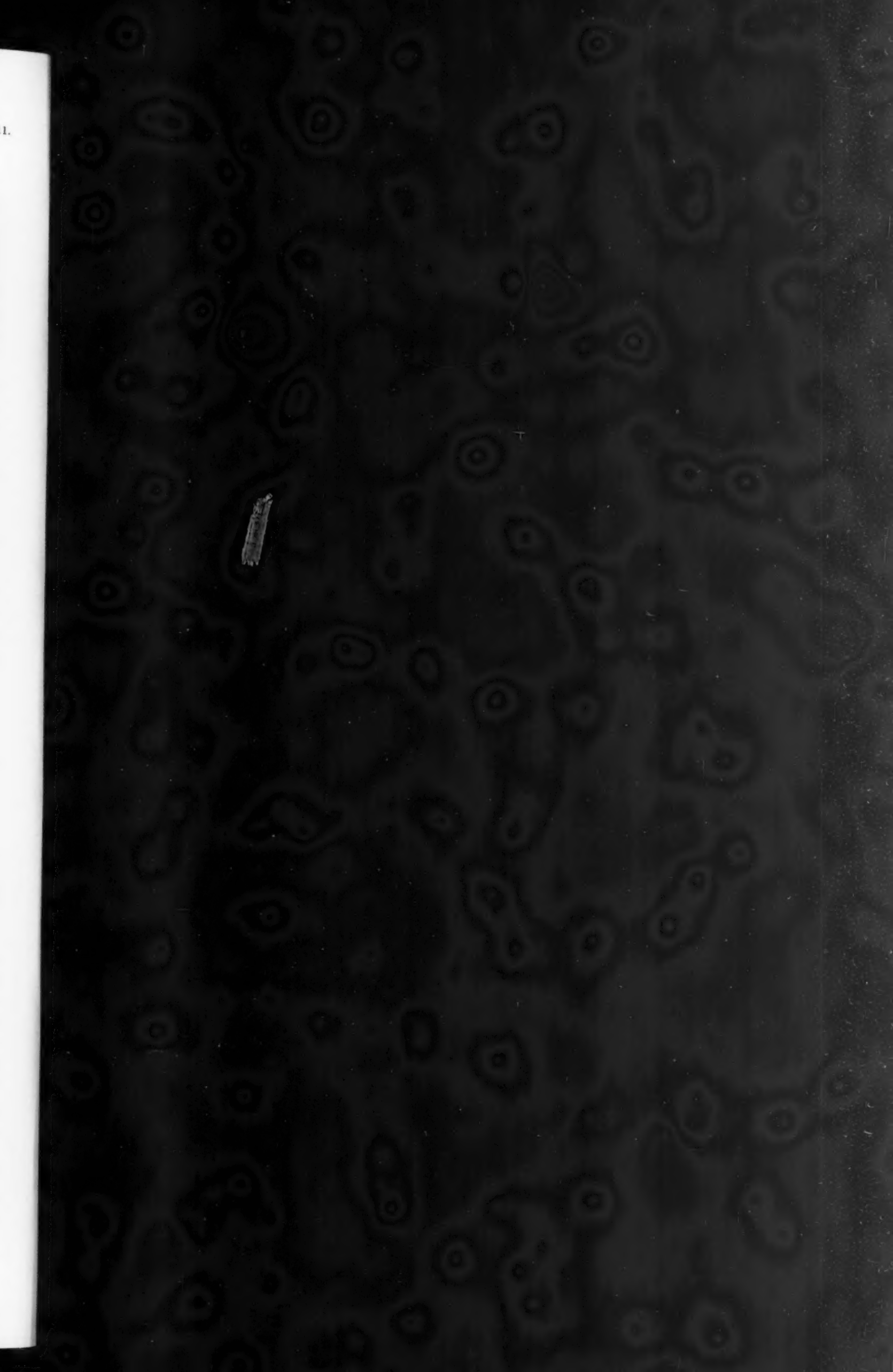
CLIO OF NOTTS.

*M. C. Collam.*

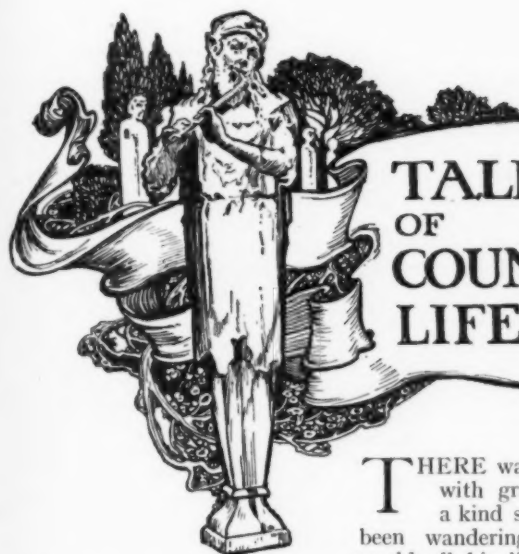
THE MAIDEN'S CLUMP

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## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE POET, TWILIGHT AND MISS ALICIA.

BY  
LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.



THERE was once a Poet with grave eyes and a kind smile who had been wandering about the world all his life, but could

find no place to live in. He felt, though he was not quite sure, that long years ago he had been exiled from his own country and must find his way back. So that although every place he visited made itself as beautiful as it could and begged him to remain in it, he would never stay for more than a few months. He had wandered up and down, here and there, ever since he could remember, and was very footsore and weary. He had worn out fifty-four pairs of red leather shoes, and his doublet, once bright green, had faded to a dull grey; his heart, too, which at one time was always bubbling over with poems, had not even simmered for quite a long time. It was a sad state of things. Then one day, after walking for hours and hours down a dull, stony road till his head ached and his feet ached, and all his toes came suddenly bursting through the end of one of his shoes, the road suddenly began to wind, the hedges grew thick, high and over-arched with trees, and far away he caught glimpses of water, and, further still, of a long, low line of grey hills.

"Hallo!" said the Poet. His heart all at once grew light; everything seemed so strangely familiar. The air was soft and heavy; he seemed to be forcing his way through millions of floating feathers, which yielded as he moved and brushed his cheek gently. These were really dreams which no one had disturbed before, and which were lying on the air, drowsy as bees in winter.

He pressed on, smiling to himself, half entranced; the road grew more winding, the trees thicker, and the air was full of sweet scents. "It must be spring," said the Poet, delighted; but it was really a still afternoon in late autumn, so golden one forgot to notice that the trees were bare.

After a little he turned off the main road and through a wood. The trees shook their branches kindly towards him as he passed; squirrels, hedgehogs and other wood creatures poked their heads out to look at him, and a robin flew after him for quite half a mile. Everything did its best to welcome him. Then the path ended and the Poet caught his breath. "Why, it is home!" he exclaimed. In front of him a broad river curved, its opposite bank thick with woods; on the side where he stood were more woods, and in their shadow a little house, the most charming the Poet had ever seen, with a thatched roof and a garden full of Pampas grass. It looked as though it had sprung from an acorn or a beech-nut which had made a mistake and instead of a tree become a house. Anyhow, the Poet knew that it was *his* house, and without a moment's hesitation he walked up the narrow garden path, opened the door and went in. Inside he found that it was just as delightful as he expected, furnished exactly as he wished, a fire burning in the grate and the table laid for tea. Without astonishment he sat down, waiting for the kettle to boil, his heart full of thankfulness that he was really home at last. He was not even disturbed when the door opened and a severe though kind-looking lady in a stiffly-starched blouse and a blue serge skirt came in.

"Ah," she exclaimed, brusquely but sympathetically, "so you've come at last. This cottage really belongs to me—at least, I bought it ten years ago—but, of course, now you've arrived I shall have to turn out. Rather a bore, of course; but I knew it would happen one day or other! By the by, you'll find everything in perfect order, except the kitchen boiler, which needs looking after, and remember the cat is not to be fed more than twice a day. No, thank you, I won't stay for tea," she ended, as the Poet, anxious to do the honours in his own house, courteously offered her a cup, "or I shall miss my train.

Good-bye," and she hurried out smiling, leaving the Poet alone to think over all these strange events.

Oh, how glad he was to be home! Whether he had ever really been there before or not he could not say, but he knew that without doubt this was his own country and that he would never leave it again. Through the window he could see the river, and it seemed to him the most wonderful river in the world, which indeed it was. The sun was setting and great clouds like fiery boats floated in the sky. As he sat sipping his tea and watching the clouds gradually burn themselves out, the door opened, and silently, as though she were quite at home and had no fear of not finding a welcome, a lady glided in, so beautiful that the Poet's eyes filled with tears. She looked like moonlight shining through shadow, for her garments spread round her like mist, and her face was bright and cold like a moonbeam. She had long black hair, in which moonbeams were braided; her eyes made the Poet think of all the deep waters he had ever seen, and they were glad and sorrowful because they knew all the secrets which have never been told. She came towards him and took his hands, and they embraced like old friends, for this was Twilight, whom the Poet had always loved, though he had never before seen her. She sat down in the firelight beside him, and they talked about all the beautiful things which have been since the beginning of the world. Then Twilight said:

"I live here; these are my woods; all day I wander among them in a half-dream, but just before daybreak and nightfall I awake. This country is full of dreams. The woods and river murmur dreams and fairy-tales all day long, but so far there has been no one to hear them. Millions have been wasted, but there are millions more. You have only to listen and write down what you hear. Then every evening I will come in and you shall read me the poems you have written in the day, and I will tell you if you have made any mistakes. So we will live for ever."

The Poet bent and kissed the edge of Twilight's robe. Then she faded away into the garden, for night had already come.

Thus the Poet lived—and never was such a life as his! Now his heart never ceased bubbling by day or night, and he would drop the poems he heard into it, and when they were ready they would overflow through his lips. All day long he would sit beside the river or wander through the woods listening, and the things he heard were so wonderful that often he grew pale and his limbs trembled, and so joyful and so beautiful and so sad that no poems which have ever yet been written are more than a shadow of them. Then every evening when Twilight came he would repeat the poems, and if he did so aright she would smooth each one in turn in her hands and whisper softly, and they would become birds, great or small, white or with wonderful shining plumage, and away they would fly and sing all over the world. Whether their songs were listened to or not the Poet did not ask, for he had other things to think of. Anyhow, they never returned. But those poems over which he had hesitated perhaps, or added something of his own, these Twilight folded up carefully and laid aside, for she said they might be useful some time, and the Poet in all things did her bidding.

"Shall I never be disturbed here?" asked the Poet one day. "Such happiness as mine needs protection, since there has never before been anything like it."

Twilight looked grave for a moment; then she clapped her hands, softly, softly, like two rose petals falling together.

"Why!" she said, "you must build a wall round this place of all the poems I have laid aside. I will turn them into bricks, invisible, yet hard as ice, so that no one can get through. For it is quite true, you need protection. If anything noisy or rough came here, you, I and the whole place would fade away altogether. Then what would become of the world?"



So the Poet began to build.

It took some time, since he very rarely wrote a song with which Twilight was not satisfied; but at last it was done, and a high wall quite invisible, yet which no one might pass, surrounded the house and woods. So the Poet thought himself quite safe for ever.

Thus the years passed, and each year was more shining than the last and the world was full of strange singing birds, which made their nests in every garden and hedgerow. So much so that people listened at last, and whoever understood the singing a right bird flew into his heart and built a nest there, and his life was turned all at once to gold. But the Poet knew nothing of all this, and his eyes were just as sad and his mouth as smiling and kind as ever. Then one day something else happened.

He was standing on a ladder mending a portion of the wall which had somehow got injured, when, looking down, he saw a little girl, her face and hands pressed against it, vainly trying to get through. She looked about sixteen. Her hair was crisp and gold and shining like fine wire, and stood out stiffly on both sides of her face. She wore a short blue print frock, shoes with high red heels and a pearl necklace. Under one arm she carried a small covered basket, and her eyes were blue-green. When she saw the Poet she gave a little exclamation:

"I thought so!" she cried.

Then she carefully opened the lid of her basket, and a bird flew out, bright, bright green, with a purple tail. It flew straight to the Poet and perched on his shoulder. The Poet recognised one of the poems which Twilight had turned into a bird months ago.

"Let me in," said the little girl, imperiously. "Why is the air so hard here, and why cannot I get through? I have travelled a long way on purpose to find you, for I had to find out where my bird came from. It all began last spring, when he started singing in our garden. I liked his song so much, though I couldn't understand a word. I caught him and put him in a silver cage, and the cage was strewn with gold dust instead of sand, and had silver bars. I listened every day, but still I couldn't understand what he was singing; but whenever he sang I longed to wander away and find the place he came from. So, one morning, I put him in a basket with some sandwiches and started. When he sang I knew I was on the right road; when he was silent, that I wasn't. Now we have come here, and I am sure you are the person he belongs to. But let me in, for I am rather tired, and it is very rude to keep me waiting."

"You are a very dear little girl," said the kind Poet, "but I cannot let you in, for if I did and you made the least noise, all this place and Twilight and myself would disappear for ever, which would never do. Wait, I will get you some fruit," and he climbed down the ladder.

"I do not want any fruit," said the little girl, with dignity, "but I want to come in. If I don't, what is to happen to me, I should like to know? For there are no houses anywhere here, and it is too far to go home," and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Dear, dear," said the Poet, "I never thought of that. Well, but will you promise not to make a noise and to be a good child? Then we will ask Twilight what is to be done," and, rather tremblingly (for he feared he might be doing wrong), he opened an invisible door and let her in.

The little girl dried her tears instantly. "What a pretty place," she said, "and how nicely kept! Do you have many gardeners? Why, father has fifteen, and the head-gardener gets five hundred pounds a month. But first give me some tea; then I will tell you all about myself."

The Poet laid the tea and brought out fruit and cream and chocolate caramels. He thought her a very pretty little girl.

"My name is Alicia," she explained, condescendingly, "but until you know me better I should prefer you to call me Miss Alicia. My father is much richer than anyone has ever been before. That is because he bought and sold pigs and never wasted an opportunity. I have everything I want given me half-an-hour before I ask for it, and every day I have three new dresses. Now you know all about me. Who are you?"

The Poet told her, and as he talked Alicia grew very still. His words wound themselves round her brow like a golden crown, and she felt wings sprouting from her shoulders. When he had finished she took his hand. "You may call me Alicia," she said, "and I will stay here for ever."

"I am afraid you will not be able to," said the Poet, rather regretfully, for he thought her the dearest little girl he had ever seen. "It would not be kind to your father and mother. They must be very worried about you. But I hope," he added, courteously, "that you will remain here for a day or two, until you are quite rested. I have a great friend who visits me every evening, and she will be so glad to meet you."

"I am very sleepy now," said Alicia; so the Poet took her to a little white room upstairs and left her, for it was the time Twilight always came. But instead of at once falling asleep, as she expected, Alicia lay awake while all the things the Poet

had told her rang in her head like silver bells. She lay with her eyes fixed on the window, and presently across the sky, where a few fiery feathers from the sun's wings still floated, flew suddenly a flock of birds. They were as large as swans and their feathers were all of silver and green fire, and they sang so sweetly that Alicia had to fall asleep, for no one could endure such music without crying. But they flew on and on through her dreams, and at last she thought she was a green and silver bird, too, and was flying with them. What a lovely dream that was!

The Poet said nothing about Alicia to Twilight, for he was so delighted with the beautiful green and silver birds he forgot her altogether. In fact, he only remembered her when she appeared at breakfast next morning, and then her hair was so golden he forgot all about the birds. He even invited her to sit beside him on the banks of the river and listen to its songs with him; and although she could not hear very much, she was so silent and so good, and when they came home in the evening made tea so nicely, that the Poet began to think that, after all, it might somehow be arranged that Alicia should stay there for at least a month. After tea she went straight to bed again, for she was still tired after her journey.

"What has happened?" asked Twilight, in a voice which was like twigs crackling on a frosty night, for she had rejected five songs.

But the Poet could not answer. Somehow he found it difficult to speak of Alicia, and Twilight gazed at him strangely and swept away. But after the third day the Poet had quite made up his mind that Alicia must remain in the cottage for ever, and that this was more important even than his songs; so Twilight had to be told. Her face when he did so became like a frosty sky over which clouds chase each other.

"If she stays," said Twilight—and her words sounded like hailstones among dead leaves—"I will visit you no more. Your songs will become common and everyone will sing them. You will break down the wall I have built for you and I shall be driven away. All because a little girl with golden hair has crept into your house. I am ashamed of you."

"But," said the Poet, timidly, "Twilight, my friend, she is very silent and loves my singing. She will soon understand everything. You have only to kiss her eyes and lips and ears. Then we shall be happy, we three together."

"Am I not enough?" said Twilight.

The Poet sighed. "Since she came," he answered, "there is a tiny corner of me which is hungry. I cannot explain it, but so it is. Even you cannot satisfy it. When she speaks I am hungry no longer, but absolutely happy."

But Twilight did not understand, and left him, angrily.

The Poet was very sad, and the next day told Alicia what had happened. Less and less did it seem possible that Alicia should go. Alicia turned very white.

"If you send me away," she said, "I shall cry myself to death, and my golden hair will come out by handfuls. Let me see Twilight and explain."

"Why, that is best!" exclaimed the Poet, relieved for a moment.

So that night there were no songs and Twilight and Alicia were together.

Twilight sat in the Poet's high-backed chair, very majestic and like a Queen, her robes falling round her like shadows. Alicia trembled a little, for when Twilight is in this mood the whole world trembles. But Twilight was kind and beckoned to Alicia. Then Alicia broke into sobs, sank on the floor and buried her face in Twilight's robes. Twilight stroked her hair and she grew still.

"Little girl," Twilight murmured, "you must go, for this is a great Poet and belongs to me. If you stay your hair will blind his eyes and choke his ears and mouth, and he will grow like everybody else. It is hard, I know; but remember, if you weep enough you will become very beautiful and I shall love you."

"I cannot go," murmured Alicia, inaudibly.

Twilight's face grew cruel. She threw a spell over Alicia. She put upon her the fear which lurks in the thickets at nightfall, and all those obscure terrors over which she alone rules. Then she grew so beautiful that for one moment the earth's heart stopped beating, and everything was quiet and worshipped her. But Alicia's heart still beat, and it seemed the only thing left alive.

"Am I not powerful?" said Twilight.

"Yes," said Alicia, very low and fearfully, "but my heart is powerful, too." Then she fainted and Twilight passed away.

So a struggle began between Alicia's heart and Twilight, who has none, and the Poet stood bewildered between them, for though the largest portion of him belonged to Twilight, there was still a corner, till then undiscovered, which grew hungrier and hungrier every day, and this hunger only the sight of Alicia could appease. Then one day he, and not Twilight, kissed her on her hair and eyes and lips, and at once a song bubbled out of his heart.

"Now," he exclaimed, joyfully, "I know—you shall remain with me. I will tell Twilight." But tears came into Alicia's eyes.

"You are sure?" she said.

"Yes, I am sure," answered the Poet.

"Oh, my beloved!" said Alicia.

When the Poet told Twilight she was not angry, but she wound her arms round him. "Then," she said, "you must first listen to my farewell song"; and she put all her magic and all her beauty and her wisdom into the words, and it was so much more beautiful than anything he had ever heard that the Poet listened and forgot everything.

"Ah!" he said, "never leave me, Twilight, but sing to me like this every night. Why have you never sung like that before? I cannot live unless I hear that song again."

"I will," said Twilight, "every night; but she must go."

And the Poet saw that she spoke the truth.

"My little girl," he said to Alicia, "you are a child and you will be happy, for no one with golden hair and blue-green eyes can ever cry for long. I wish I could keep you here always, but I cannot. For if I do Twilight will go, and if she goes I cannot sing, and if I do not sing I shall fall to dust." But he no longer felt the hunger at his heart, for Twilight's song had satisfied even that.

Alicia stood very straight, and her voice did not even tremble,

"If you tell me to go—I will," she said.

"Wait till this evening," said the Poet.

He spent all that day making a fairy-tale for her, for, after all, she was still a child and not quite old enough for songs, and in the evening Twilight took it into her hands and it became a

wonderful Hippogriff with copper wings, and they placed Alicia on its back and told it to fly home with her. All this time Alicia did not say one word.

"A star has fallen on my neck and burnt me," muttered the Hippogriff, crossly, as he flew along; but it was only Alicia's tears which were falling, little drops of fire, straight from her heart.

When she got home she went to bed and tried to sleep, but could not because all the words the Poet had ever spoken to her kept pricking her like thorns. Her parents at once sent for the doctor, but nothing was the least good. Each day she grew a little paler, and at last dissolved away in a white and gold mist. Everyone was very sorry, and talked of nothing else for quite a long while; but there was nothing to be done. One night one of the Poet's songs as it lay in Twilight's hands turned into a dead white bird with a ring of golden feathers round its neck, and the Poet remembered that a golden mist had wound itself round him as he sat by the river late that afternoon.

"You have been thinking of Alicia," said Twilight, "but she is dead."

"Dear me," said the Poet, "why should she die? She was so young and pretty."

"Only I know that," said Twilight, and she smiled a little cruelly.

Poor Alicia! But how could the story end otherwise, for if a Poet must choose between Twilight and a little girl, Twilight is bound to win. For Twilight knows all the dreams which have ever been dreamed, and the other has only a heart. The contest is really *too* unequal.

## LION-HUNTING AT THE WELLS OF GEBILI.—II.

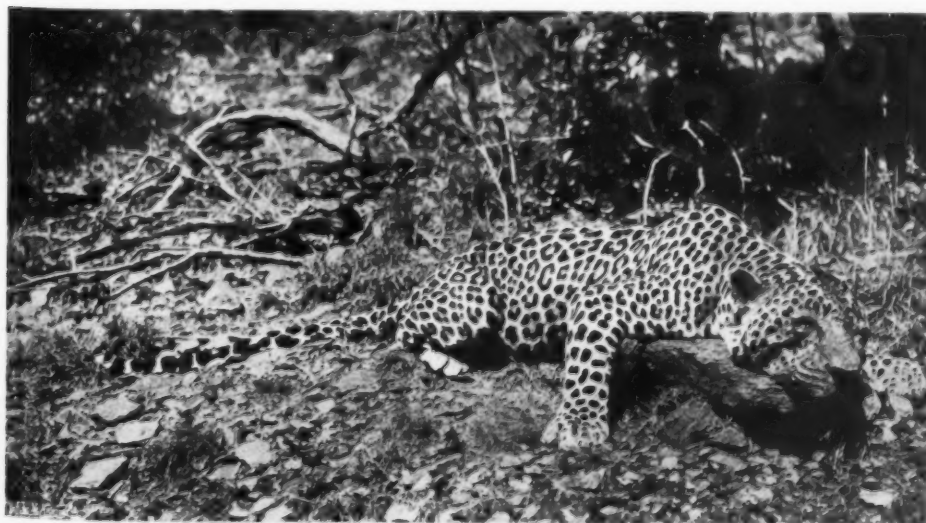
THE next three days no news came in, but each day I went a huge round, covering over twenty miles a day, all for nothing, and mostly sitting up at night for a leopard afterwards. Two days later, after a false alarm had taken us up the river, where we found hyenas' spoor, a man came in to say he was passing through a place called Gashantidabul the day before and had seen a big lion, and another party had seen the spoor of seven lions there, too. It was twenty-five miles off, so having got a hired camel I started about two, slept on the way and got there about nine next morning. It was sandy river-bed with water here and there, and though we went miles there was not a track to be seen, and the man who had come with us could not show us the tracks of the beast he had seen, which should certainly have been visible. After a long tramp round I took a rest after midday and sent out two men to try in other directions. They found nothing. Next day I went back, getting in about half-past four and having had a walk of fifty miles for nothing. On the way I passed a huge split rock. Beside it there was a flat-topped rock covered



JUST AS SHE FELL.

with stones, and as I was looking several Somali women passed. Each one left the road, and selecting a stone placed it on the heap. I enquired the reason of this. The Somali version is as follows: In the old days before the Somalis inhabited the country there was a very bad man. After a career of crime, the prophet Ali, one of Mahomet's successors, pursued him and caught him up by the big rock. The bad man dodged Ali round the rock until the prophet, growing furious, drew his sword and split the rock clean in two and the miscreant with it. In turning to go Ali's horse kicked, and the marks of his hoofs are shown in two round holes in the otherwise smooth stone. The split rock certainly has just such an appearance, and from time immemorial it has been the custom for women passing to add a stone to the pile on the altar close by. The Somalis have many legends of the people who occupied the country before them, and talk of them as having been Persians.

I found B. away at a village where a leopard had been killing stock. He sat up for it without success, but was brought news by a native that it had just killed a goat. He found it near the carcass and killed it with a neat running shot across a ravine—a



AN OLD SHEEP-STEALER, PROTECTIVELY COLOURED.



fine, big, light-coloured one, apparently very old but in fine condition. Next morning one of the men sent out for news came rushing back with a Somali he had met. The man was on his way with the news that two lions had prowled round his karia. I had a very hasty breakfast, leaving most of it, and went off. We went about three miles down the river and then turned off up some low hills to his village. The tracks were clearly visible. Two had come and had evidently thought of jumping the zariba, but they had been seen and the men had frightened them off with a big burning brand from the fire. From this karia we tracked them straight to a deserted one a mile on, and thence to another, where they had been inhospitably received also. This karia was on a hill, and as we came down the men spotted a herd of elephants standing among the trees in the valley, only about six hundred yards away. Leaving the lion track for a bit, I went to see the elephants, and took photographs of them at about one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty yards' range. I dare not go any closer for fear of a charge, as I had no solid ammunition suitable for them; also the shooting of elephants is prohibited. So I got very unsatisfactory views of them, and the results were poor. Following the tracks again, we were taken to yet another village, and thence to another dry river, where they had passed a village without visiting it. This made us hope that it was near daylight when they passed, and that they would be thinking of lying up. However, they went quite four miles up the river, the track being followed with difficulty, as a lot of cows, etc., had been along since. Here they took to the hills, which were stony ones of the worst description. I thought it was the end of everything, as with a line of good trackers, covering a front of two hundred to three hundred yards, the track could only be found every few hundred yards. After a mile of this, which occupied about two hours,



SACRED STONES.

turning round slowly. She was walking stealthily between the bushes and had turned to take the opening which would lead directly into the little open patch we stood in. She came into view, head down, taking no notice of anything, and was coming straight towards us when she saw us. She took very little notice beyond turning off a bit and quickening her pace. Just as I was going to shoot she disappeared behind a small bush which I thought was the other side of her. She was about fifteen yards off at this time, and looked huge. I had a snap-shot as she passed between two bushes, but shot clean over her. Immediately after, however, I heard her clattering up the hill the other side of the river-bed, and, changing my position a little, I saw her going up the steep slope with heavy, powerful bounds. I shot at about seventy yards and she staggered slightly, giving a growl. However, she continued her course as strong as ever and disappeared over the top of the hill. Having given her a good shot, I was now intent

on the bushes again, waiting for the other to come out, as by the track we thought there were a lion and lioness. However, nothing happened, and the beaters reported it must have gone back. There was great confusion, everyone talking at once, and apparently someone said he had seen the other going up the hill. So we went that way, then after more habel returned to the bush again, as Elme said the other lion was still in there. At this moment, however, another man shouted from the hill that the two lions had run off across the hills, and on ascending we found the lioness I had shot lying dead. So much for the Somali under excitement. She was in splendid condition and a very big one; she measured seven feet ten inches between perpendiculars, but I think this may have been under the mark, as she was lying on a hill on very rough ground. Her spoor was as big as a lion's, and Elme and all the men had mistaken it for a lion's all day. She also had unusually big teeth, and inside she was full of fat. I had shot her bang through the heart, splitting it in two. In spite of this she had climbed another thirty yards of steep hill at a gallop, and about eighty



A SOMALI DANCE.

we found ourselves overlooking the river-bed again, having come across a short cut of a bend. Below us lay some thick bush, chiefly irrigin cactus, the very place for lions. The tracks led straight in. A drive was arranged, and about six men went quietly round the back of the patch of bush, while Elme and I and one of the Askaris stood in the bush at the point the beast went in. We chose a place as open as possible, but it only gave a view of eighteen yards in front, fifteen yards on the left and none on the right except two narrow openings, which, however, looked, one down the river-bed and the other up the hill the other side of it. We soon heard signals that lions were afoot. Then Elme pointed and said, "Shoot quick!" I had to move a yard to get his point of view, and there I saw, through a hole in the bush on my left, a brown thing moving and looking about twice as big as I expected. This resolved itself into a lioness

yards beyond of fairly flat ground, before falling dead. So no wonder people get mauled through being unable to stop the beast. We set out for camp about half-past four going very fast and arriving exactly at eight. It could not have been less than fifteen miles, making over thirty miles we had done since breakfast. At every village we passed the people came out and fussed over the lion's skin, admiring its teeth particularly. It was strapped on to the pony, who objected at first, particularly when the skin came loose and flapped about. Near camp the usual business took place, the other men rushing out from camp and dancing and yelling and making a tremendous procession. The skin was pegged out the same night, as we were leaving that camp the next day. We left it in charge of the Midgan skinner, who made an excellent job of it.

F. RUSSELL ROBERTS.



## THE MERLIN.

**T**HIS little falcon visits our moorlands during the nesting period, and seldom appears before the beginning of April, but occasionally individual birds have been known to arrive earlier.

One year a hawk was shot in this district on January 11th; it was first thought to be a cock sparrow-hawk, but proved to be a merlin. Perhaps it had wintered locally or, more likely, had been misled by the condition of the weather. Experience shows that the merlins come year after year to the same patch of heather or bracken on the moor. There are scores of other nesting sites equally suitable in the wide expanse of moorland, yet the same spot will be chosen year after year, and that, too, though the nesting birds may be a different pair from the previous occupants of the ground. A little hollow in a dry place suffices for a nest. Here are laid the eggs, from four to five in number, usually of a reddish brown colour, but sometimes varied with dots and dappings of purple on a pink ground. These gradually lose their brilliancy as the process of incubation proceeds. Sometimes the variations from the normal colouring are wider. A friend of mine was once completely misled by the appearance of a clutch of merlin's eggs. They were almost coal black in colour, and seemed to be, indeed, treasures to the oologist in search of such variants. So rare did they look to be that he yielded to the temptation and took them home. He proudly exhibited them to a more experienced collector, who persuaded

him to try the effect of immersing them in water, when the sooty dirtiness disappeared and the eggs emerged quite normal



SITTING IN THE HEATHER.

in colour. The explanation was very simple. The sitting hen had been in the habit of feeding at a place where the heather had been burnt. In searching for insects her feathers and feet had become soot black and thus discoloured the eggs. The difference in size of the sexes is very noticeable when they are in the air together, the female looking quite as big again as her mate. To photograph a merlin the hiding-place must

be gradually built up. I placed a small heap of bracken close to the nest as soon as sitting had commenced, and added to it at intervals until the young were hatched, by which time it had attained a height sufficient to conceal me. The bracken was then removed, and a pit dug with four posts driven in at each corner. Next some wire-netting was fixed to the top of these, and the whole structure then covered with bracken. Externally the new hiding-place was somewhat similar to the previous pile, but larger. The building of it was an evening's work. The next afternoon I took up my position inside the shelter and awaited the results of my labours. Then my companion, after covering me up with bracken, departed, whistling loudly to attract the birds who followed him down the hill. They soon returned, and after a while one alighted on the heap of bracken just over my head. This proved to be the female with food. The meal was torn to pieces and held in her claws before delivering it to the nestlings. Small pieces were dealt out to each of the young ones, who gulped them down as quickly as they could; one little throat could not swallow its portion, so the mother, noticing its difficulty, pulled the piece away to alter and refit. This task was so absorbing to her that the meal was almost completed before she looked round at my hiding-place. For a moment she stood still, with her eyes fixed upon it, then with a scream she sprang into the air; this brought her mate, and they both wheeled about, screaming with annoyance.

Without doubt, the naked eye of the lens was causing the trouble, despite the fact that it was hidden away as much as efficiency would allow. For an hour longer I waited without seeing the birds return to the nest. As the young ones looked very cold, I decided to leave. The objection of the merlins to the lens was very mild compared with their attitudes at the appearance of a man as if from nowhere. At first they flew as if to attack me, and then suddenly swerved off, screaming loudly. When they had ceased



THE COCK ALIGHTING WITH HIS PREY.

following me I sat down to reflect on the failure. The camera was left behind in the hiding-place, but the offending lens had been removed. I eventually determined to wait until dusk, and then mount the hill to replace the lens under cover of darkness, trusting that as day gradually broke the merlin would become used to the sight of it. The plan was carried out, and my lens and camera left throughout a rainy night on the hill.

Next morning I climbed the hill, accompanied by a neighbouring farmer's son, who was interested in my work. When thirty yards or so away from the hiding-place nothing could be seen of the birds. A few steps further and I could see the nest, and, to my delight, found the hen merlin covering the young. At this moment she saw me and flew away. Quickly I took up my position, and my companion then left me. It seemed to grow very dark after he had gone, and in about ten minutes a terrific thunder-storm broke over me. The lightning flashed and rain came down in torrents, wetting my friend through to the skin in five minutes. I had brought two mackintoshes to sit on. These

were now utilised in protecting the camera and myself from the water which came through from the bracken above in little streams. Thinking the poor chicks must by this time be very chilled, I ventured a move to look at them through my peep-hole. To my amazement, despite the movements within the hiding-place, the hen merlin was doing her utmost to cover the young. Attitude after attitude

she took up, and despite her soaked feathers she looked a queen of birds; her movements were so deliberate that I gave time exposures to the plates, and so engrossed was she in her maternal cares that she paid no heed to my movements. So absorbing



THE MERLIN BROODING.

had been the task that when the last plate was exposed I found that I had been sitting in water without noticing it. During their last two weeks in the nest I found that the young were fed three times a day as a rule, namely, at early morning, noon

and night. To obtain pictures illustrating this stage I undertook several waits of five or six hours, from noon to evening meals, and passed the time very pleasantly in reading, even smoking to my heart's content, and writing letters. During one such vigil I learnt a part I had to act a few weeks later in some amateur theatricals.

Another day my loneliness was broken by the appearance

of a visitor in the person of a farmer inspecting sheep on the hill. I could see him some distance away on the usual track. Evidently he had noticed the erection, and came toiling towards me. As he neared it I heard him say

in broad Lancashire, "There's summat new 'ere." At first the young merlins claimed his attention. Then he turned to my hut, and began poking his stick in the bracken. To his surprise signs of life came from within, and a voice asked how he would like this kind of job. He expressed his amazement that the hawks would face such a conspicuous erection. On leaving me he promised to keep his discovery to himself, and shortly after this the hen merlin returned to find her young. Her movements were so energetic as to call forth the full powers of my focal-plane shutter in order to register them. The noise caused by the release of the shutter usually made her jump into the air, but her fright was never more than momentary. The young ones always let me know when their mother was coming—their chattering ceased and they anxiously looked up. After circling round them several



BROODING IN POURING RAIN.



THE HEN FEEDING HER CHICKS



times the mother bird would alight about a yard away from the nest, and when the hungry chicks rushed out to meet her she would gently insist on them going back into the nest, thus bringing them again into the field of the lens.

The business of the cock merlin was apparently restricted to capture the quarry, for he never came to the nest. The remains of insects round a short, disused pole-trap showed that he alighted there occasionally on his journeys. I succeeded in taking several pictures as he tore his prey at this post. It was interesting to note the muscular power he displayed in rending the birds and mice. Absorbed as he was in this occupation, the click of the camera shutter merely caused him to start for a moment without scaring him away.

Throughout the whole period I examined carefully the nature of the food supplied to the young birds. More than half the remains were those of mice, the rest consisting of remains of small birds, such as pipits, ring-ousels, etc., also of large quantities of insects. In view of this evidence as to the quality of the merlin's dietary, which confirms the observations of other naturalists, I cannot believe that there is any truth in the assertion that merlins habitually prey on half-grown game. If the hatching of the young merlins were delayed a few weeks, and this could be done by removing the first clutch of eggs, the young grouse would then be on the wing and in comparative safety from destruction.

ALFRED TAYLOR.

## SOME OLD "SNUFFERS."

THERE were "once upon a time," and not so very long ago, many inveterate "snuffers," and each one carried his box in his "weskit" pocket. This habit was very noticeable in ordinary life, but in particular in country life, where the old "snuffers" comprised some half-a-dozen classes, and the "snuff" was always called "Top Mill." To snuff



TWO WEEKS OLD.

any other kind, and knew it, was a lowering of the status of the snuffer. There was not a village shop-window, nor a shop-shelf within, but displayed a round tin canister with the label "Top Mill." The word snuff was understood but not used. The old woman with her box came in and simply said "Top Mill," as she laid down her copper denoting the quantity with which she wished to be served. Some of the men did the like, saying "T'owd soort" or "Top Miller," and the children, when sent, asked for the same and "crowed as the father crowed" or "cluckt as t'mother cluckt," for these terms were much used by the elders when they spoke to one another of the growing-up youngsters. So, some fifty years ago, more or less, there were scores of snuffers to one at the present time, and the snuff-box was an indispensable personal item. The oldest of the old women carried their boxes in their bosoms, and, to a great extent, their daughters did the same, for it was too far a dive to the dress-pocket when the nose was a-itching for "a snuff." The women, when they met, exchanged confidences as well as exchanged the contents of each other's boxes. Over this latter there was always some trepidation on the part of each, concerning whether the exchange would prove the non-existence of "Top Mill" in either of the friendly boxes. Should the exchange—which was a sort of salutation—pass off all right, there was lovable satisfaction shown on either face; if not—well, all was not well, and likely as not an old friendship was severed for days, perhaps weeks, before things were made up, and perhaps not until the "besom-broom" had stood outside their cottage doors for some days. A woman falling out with her neighbour told the rest about it, not in so many words, but by putting her broom outside, head upwards, against the wall. This sort of thing led at times to broom-handle fights, and when this was all through, and because of, a pinch of snuff which was not "Top Mill," the trouble did not seem to be worth the candle. Not by any means was it only because of "a mis-snuffin'" that the broom went out; many another matter caused the broom to be reared.

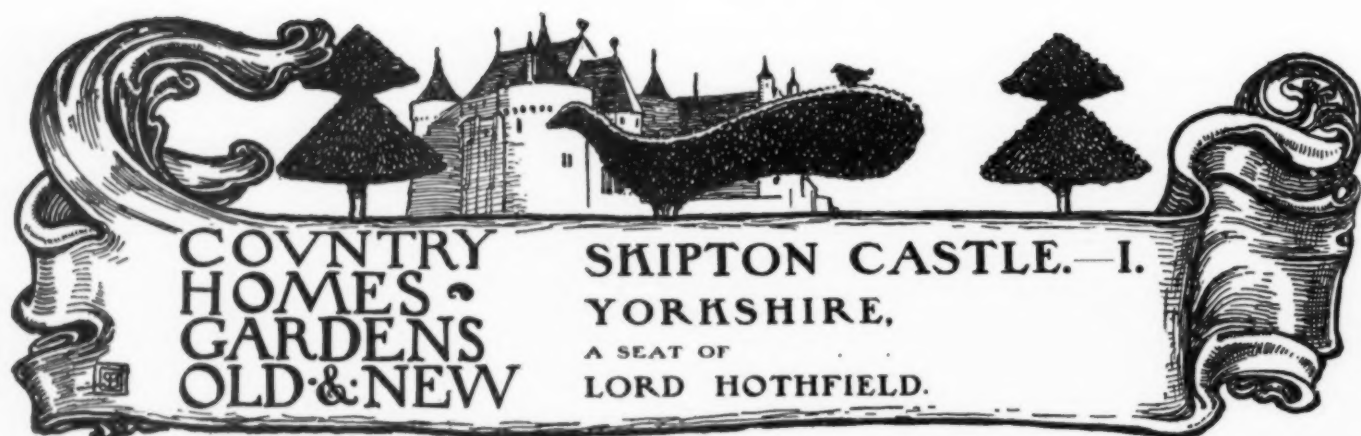
As may be supposed, there were jokers in snuffing, and if one man could get hold of his mate's snuff-box there would be some "tinkerin'" done, ten to one. This tinkering took several forms, that most in favour being the mixing of a little pepper with it, the emptying out of good and substituting bad, or emptying the box altogether, then, on meeting the owner, professing to be dying for a pinch, and "roaring" when the owner found his precious box empty. Upon one occasion a prank had been played with the parish clerk, just before the morning service was begun. This clerk was in the habit of "snuffin'" at intervals in the service, and it was mostly at the end of prayers when he took his dip and due. Half a score of eyes were watching his movements, and expectation was high when his hands were seen to be fumbling for his pinch. It came, and entered his nose at the right moment, and the result was a rousing "Ah-atchooo-o-o" when the "Amen" should have come in. There were sniggers in all parts of the little church, and in one pew were three or four young fellows with their pocket "handkickers" stuffed into their mouths.

THOMAS RATCLIFFE.



YOUNG MERLINS JUST BEFORE FLIGHT.





**M**ORE fortunate than the majority of its fellows, the Castle at Skipton in Craven has not had its original features obliterated by Cromwellian destruction or Victorian restoration. It has, indeed, fallen from its lordly

state, and such part as is now inhabited has lost its ancient plan in fulfilling a modern purpose. But a considerable portion—forming a small but complete quadrangle—though untenanted and unfurnished, is maintained in structural repair

and offers one of the best remaining examples of the admirable manner of our domestic builders in the age when native Gothic still ruled supreme, though the conquering host of the Renaissance was sweeping towards it across the Continent. The Conduit Court at Skipton is a quite beautiful and little altered specimen of the style of architecture that obtained under the Tudor Henries, but it is individual rather than typical. It was not built anew and as men planned houses in that day, but was adapted and contrived within a mediæval stronghold. The massive towers of Robert de Romillé and his successors gird it round and prevent its having either the balance or the spaciousness which had come into vogue as defences were more and more abandoned, and which we find at Hampton Court and at Thornbury, at Oxburgh and at Layer Marney. In their style, certainly, was the large eastern extension, built to contain a gallery worthy of a wife of Royal lineage. But the Cromwellian wreckers dealt with it so hardly that the hand of its repairer is as prominent as that of its builder. It is therefore the more ancient part of the Castle, with its successive modifications, that especially arrests attention, and something of its story must be told.

The Craven country is largely one of moorland hills and grass-clad dales. Even to-day much of it is wild, and pasturage rather than arable culture is the characteristic of its farming. In mediæval times, monkish owners declared that the climate was so cold and damp that corn crops seldom ripened. It was a land for the huntsman and the shepherd, though small communities might thrive in the sheltered vales of the upper waters of Aire and Wharfe. In the latter valley and by the river's side lay the dwelling and settlement—the *Bodelton* or *Bolton*—of the lord of a great section of Craven. When William the Norman landed at Pevensey, that lord was Eadwine, son and brother to successive Earls of Mercia, and lord he continued to be for some time after most of the land of England had been transferred to the victors. But before the Domesday Survey was taken forfeiture had made this fee—including the twenty-five thousand acres which came to form the parish of Skipton—*terra regis*. At that time



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SKIPTON CASTLE FROM THE CANAL BRIDGE "COUNTRY LIFE."



BAYS AND DOORWAYS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

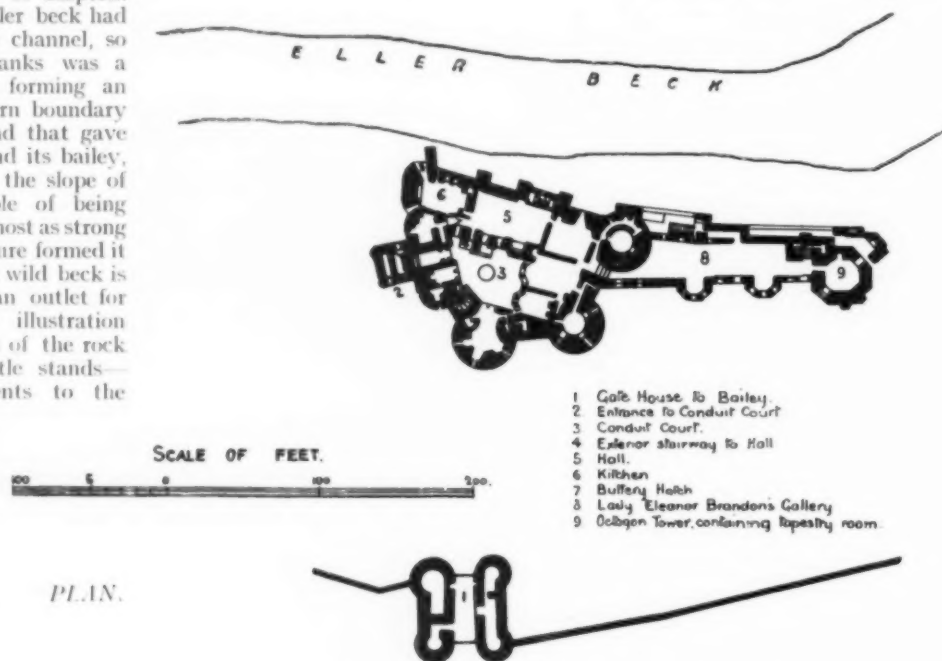
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"Skipton" was a place of no importance—a hamlet of shepherds, perhaps. But Robert de Romillé, the Norman to whom the fee was granted some time ere the eleventh century closed, deserted the low-lying, if fertile, Bolton for the more rugged but defensible rock of Skipton. The rush of the Eller beck had carved out a deep channel, so that one of its banks was a perpendicular cliff forming an impregnable northern boundary to a little table-land that gave space for a castle and its bailey, and yet, owing to the slope of the ground, capable of being artificially made almost as strong to the south as Nature formed it to the north. The wild beck is now canalised as an outlet for minerals, but the illustration shows the steepness of the rock on which the Castle stands—from its battlements to the water-level is a drop of two hundred feet. Close to the edge of this cliff, and far above the church and town which as time went on grew up on the lower ground, Robert de Romillé built his castle. A square keep and some subsidiary buildings about a small enclosure was the type of his day; but later accretions have obliterated the original form, and all the features except the treble semi-circular archway leading into the Conduit Court. The present outer form of the Castle is described by Whitaker, who published his "History of Craven" a century

ago, as "seven round towers partly in the sides and partly in the angles of the building connected by rectilinear apartments which form an irregular quadrangular Court within." The round towers date from a time when the

heirs of Robert de Romillé had been superseded by a new grantee, while the late Gothic work, which peeps out on the west side of the exterior and covers the whole face of the interior of the court, was carried out by that grantee's male heirs. Skipton as we see it is the Castle of the Cliffords whose descendants in the female line still hold it. For two centuries it remained in the blood of its first Norman lord through a succession of heiresses, the

last of whom married Edmund Plantagenet in 1269. This younger brother of Edward I., whose title was Earl of Lancaster and nickname Crouchback, died childless in 1295, and Skipton reverted to the Crown. There it remained till Edward II. bestowed it first upon his favourite, Gaveston, and next upon Robert de Clifford, whom the "Dictionary of National Biography"



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FROM THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



terms "one of the greatest barons of the age." Sir Matthew Hale says of him that "from his infancy he was educated in the school of war under King Edward 1st as good a master for valour and prudence as the world afforded." His ancestor, Walter, son of Richard Fitz Pons, obtained by marriage the Clifford barony and its Herefordshire estates. Future generations have known him best as the father of fair Rosamond, but his male line was for some generations of importance on the Welsh border.

Thus Robert's grandfather, Roger, soldier and judge, took a chief part in the final overthrow of de Montfort at Evesham in 1265, and was afterwards much employed by Henry III. He was with Prince Edward on Crusade, and on his return to England in 1274 fought for Edward on the Western Marches and was Justice of Wales. The last Welsh insurrection proved fatal both to him and to his son. The elder de Clifford was surprised by David, brother of Llewellyn, in Hawarden Castle in 1282, and in the same year the younger one was drowned while crossing the Menai Straits after a sudden attack by the Welsh. In 1270 he had married Isabella Vipont, co-heiress to the Lordship of Westmoreland, and from her Robert inherited Appleby Castle and the Westmoreland shrievalty. Thereupon the activity of the family was transferred from the Welsh to the



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CARVED SPANDRELS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Scotch borderland. At the age of twenty-four Robert was already in high command, and it was through his leadership that Carlaverock was taken in 1300. The English lands of Bruce were his reward, but Bruce got his revenge when he defeated and slew him at Bannockburn. He largely increased the family heritage, and Skipton was granted to him probably in return for the abandonment of claims he had in Monmouthshire. His descendant, Lady Pembroke, says that he found the Castle out of repair and ruinous and was "the chief builder of its most strong parts." To him then, doubtless, we owe the great block that runs round the court and of which the seven round towers still show on the plan, although those to the north have lost something of their complete shape. Their massiveness was well realised lately when, in order to add to the accommodation, the north-east tower was connected with the inhabited portion by piercing a wall eleven feet six inches thick. Robert, first Lord Clifford of Westmoreland by writ, had remained Edward II.'s supporter. But his son Roger, who was but fifteen when he lost his father on the field of Bannockburn in 1314, joined the malcontents who, under the Earl of Lancaster, rose against Edward's favourite, their fate after the defeat of Burrowbridge—thus being the fourth head of his family in

Despenser, in 1342, and shared



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FIFTEENTH CENTURY DETAILS.

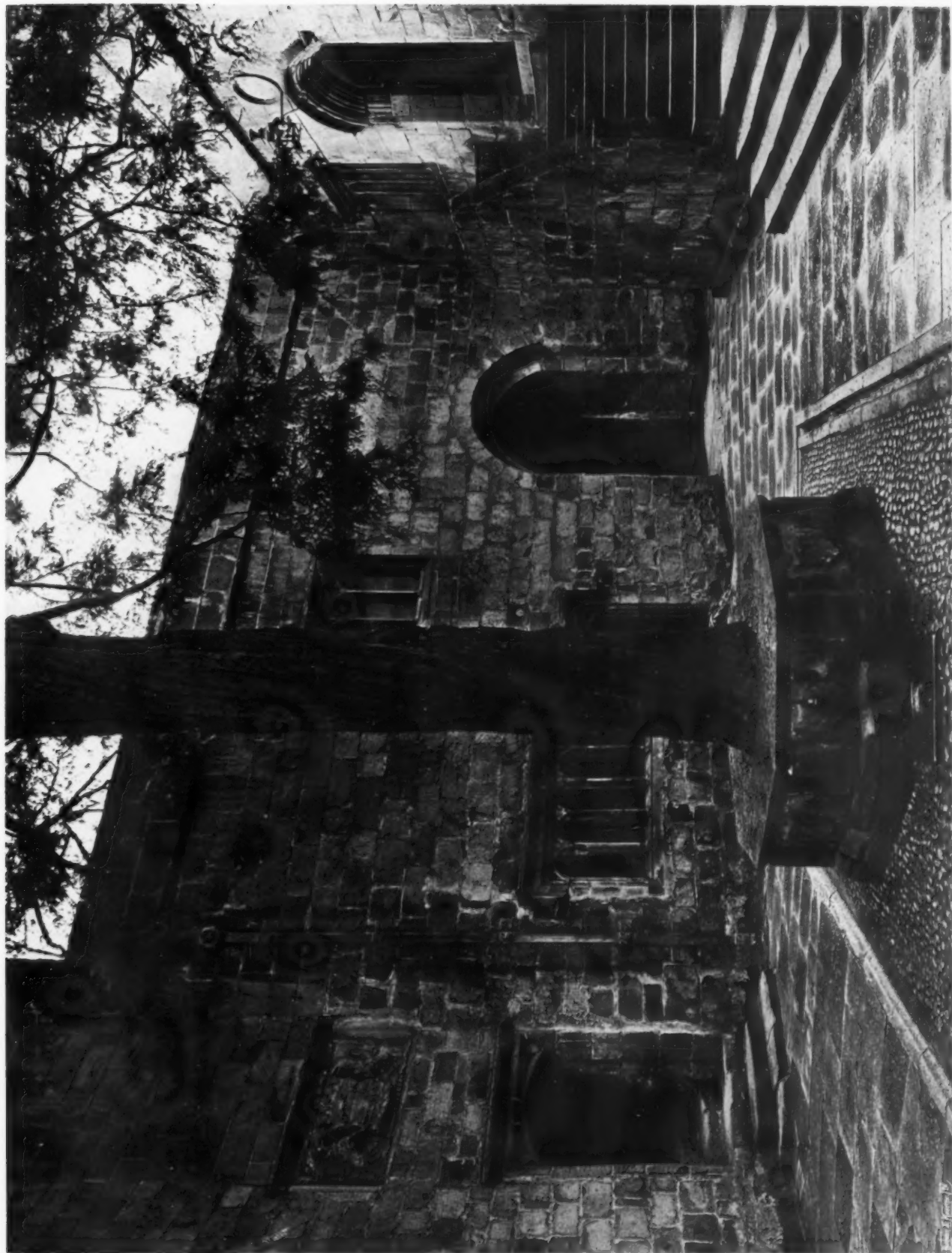
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE CONDUIT COURT LOOKING EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE CONDUIT COURT LOOKING WEST.

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succession to die a violent death. The forfeited estates came back to his brother Robert when Edward III. reversed the attainders which his father had ordained without Parliamentary sanction, and so the Lords of Skipton continued to be in a position to take a prominent part in the French and Scotch wars. We find Roger, fifth Baron of Westmoreland, campaigning in Flanders in 1345 as a boy of thirteen, while over forty years later he was with Richard II. in Scotland accompanied

to fight with Henry V. in France. We do not find him mentioned as taking part at Agincourt, but for the campaign that opened in 1417 Hale tells us that the King "retained him in his service for the warre of France for one yeare: the contract was to this effect, that this lord, with 50 men at armes well accounted, whereof three to bee knights, the rest esquires, and 150 archers, whereof two parts to serve on horseback, the third on foote, should serve the King from the day hee should bee ready to

set sayle for France, taking for himself 4s. for every knt.: for every esquire 1s.; for every archer 6d. *per diem*." The large number of armed men he was able to employ to go with him is proof of the important territorial position held in the North by this Lord of Skipton. Like his father, he died abroad, being killed at the siege of Meaux in 1422, while his son and grandson fell on English soil fighting the battles of the Red Rose. The triumph of the House of York led to the loss of the estates, the Lordship of Skipton being given to Sir William Stanley, and that of Westmoreland to Edward IV.'s brother, Richard. When, after three years of kingship, Richard died on Bosworth Field, the attainder was reversed, and Henry Clifford, tenth Baron, came into his own. He is the "Shepherd lord" sung by Wordsworth both in the "White Doe of Rylstone" and the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," who thus immortalised the romantic story that makes the boy, who was seven years old when his father was struck down by a headless arrow on the eve of the Battle of Towton, grow up "A shepherd clad in homely-grey" amid the Yorkshire and Cumberland moorlands, so that when at the age of thirty he found himself a peer of the realm and a great land-owner, he was not able to read. This he soon remedied and also took to astrology and alchemy—the leading sciences of those days. The former led him to much study of the heavenly bodies, wherein he was assisted by the Canons of Bolton, who were his close neighbours, for he is said to have often stayed in the Forest of Barden, adding to the keeper's lodge that he found there, which thus acquired the name of Barden Tower, which its picturesque ruins still retain. His descendant, the Countess of Pembroke, describes him as "a plain man, who lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to Court or London, excepting when called to Parliament." And so Wordsworth assures us that he was "Most happy in the shy recess of Barden's lowly quietness," where "Bolton's dear fraternity perused with him the starry sky."

These periods of seclusion, however, can only have been intervals of quiet in a fairly active and public life. It is certain that his position and his ancestry as well as natural aptitude made him a leader in war. Thus in 1513 as a man of sixty we find him in command of the centre



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HERALDRY IN THE CONDUIT COURT

"COUNTRY LIFE."

by a retinue of sixty men-at-arms and forty archers. His son Thomas was at that time one of Richard's young favourites and a Knight of his Chamber, thus incurring the displeasure of the Barons, who banished him from the Court in 1388. Three years later, at the age of twenty-eight, he shared the fate of so many of his family and was slain in an expedition against the infidels. His son John, seventh Baron of Westmoreland, though he married a daughter of Hotspur, did not incur the doom of that rebellious warrior in Henry IV.'s time, but survived

vanguard at Flodden Field, whence he carried several pieces of the Scottish ordnance to grace his Castle of Skipton, as we shall see from an inventory taken sixty years later. This tends to show that the castle of his Yorkshire Barony, as well as the lodge at Barden, received attention from him. It is probable that we owe much of the Conduit Court as we see it to-day to his desire to make Skipton, which he doubtless found in ill-repair after the forfeiture, into a dwelling in the fashion of his times. The detail of the architecture is more in the manner of the seventh than of the eighth Henry. Most of the window lights here are narrower and more arched than the original ones on the ground floor of the eastern extension—a building which we know was erected by the Shepherd lord's son in 1537. But there is no record of the date when the Conduit Court put on its present appearance, nor does the heraldry help us very much. Had we found Henry Clifford's arms impaling those of his wife, a St. John of Bletsoe, the matter would have been cleared up; but the two very fine heraldic

a platform both to the east and south, a projecting buttress being very delightfully brought into the scheme. Then, when the height calls for some protection, a narrower but still ample set of steps runs between the wall of the building and a solid parapet until the upper platform is reached, on to which the doorway opens. The quadrangle—as the plan shows—is of very irregular shape. The west side, which from the round arched entrance doorway may certainly be considered as being on the lines of the Romillé Castle, runs, at a very acute angle into the north side, which, moreover, is not parallel with the south. In the centre is an octagonal basin of stone with carved shields. It is now filled with earth, and a yew, of very considerable age and of sufficient size to darken the rooms considerably, rises out of it. It was very likely planted at the time of the reparation which followed the Cromwellian "slighting" of the Castle. But the original purpose of the basin must have been to hold the water that was brought into the quadrangle by pipes from Skipton rocks three-quarters of a mile away thus giving its name to the Conduit Court. Such



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## FIFTEENTH CENTURY TAPESTRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

*The Torture Chamber in Jealousy's Tower.*

achievements that are above the east and south doorways of the Conduit Court represent respectively the usual quarterings and supporters of the Cliffords and of the Bromfletes. Now Margaret Bromflete was Henry Clifford's mother, and it is through her that he inherited the de Vesci Barony. Nothing, then, would be more probable than that he should give the most prominent position to his father's arms and the next to those of his mother in his remodelling of the quadrangle, if that remodelling was done by him. As it was still thought prudent to have small windows on the outside, Robert Clifford's towers were allowed to retain much of their sternness, the narrow apertures being replaced by small two-light windows. But that made it all the more important to let as much light as possible into the rooms from the quadrangle side, and hence the clustering of bays, which is so picturesque a feature in the illustrations of this court.

The rooms numbered on the plan are on the first floor, and a very well-schemed external stairway ascends to the door of the banquetting hall. The lower treads drop off

conduits generally formed fine architectural features in early Tudor times, and are often mentioned by Leland. No doubt the slighting which threw down the upper half of the seven towers and made the place uninhabitable included such damage to the conduit fountain as warranted its remnants being treated as a mere box in which to plant a tree. However regrettable this may be, we must be content that the buildings within the court were so little injured. That we owe these to the "Shepherd lord" is rendered probable, not merely from the architectural evidence and the probability that during the period of attainder the Castle fell into decay, but also by certain remnants of furnishings which are of his day. A panel bearing the arms of Henry VII. will be illustrated next week. To-day some exceptionally interesting tapestry is represented. One point about it at first suggests that it is earlier than the time of the "Shepherd lord," for it will be seen that all the ladies wear the sugar-loaf headgear, or "Bonnet à la Syrienne," which came into fashion in the second half of Edward III.'s reign. But it remained in use through most of the fifteenth century,



and is worn by Penthesilea in the hanging of the "Siege of Troy" in the Victoria and Albert Museum. This is part of a set—of which other examples survive in the Hotel de Ville of Issore and the Cathedral of Zamora—woven, probably in Tournay from French designs, about the year 1480. The Skipton tapestry is of the same style and date, and no doubt, when entire, also had explanatory verses in French and Latin running along the top and bottom of the composition. In its present state the only clue is an occasional almost undecipherable word set against some of the figures. Thus the word "Honte" or "Hote" is the four times repeated label of the torturer in the prison scene here illustrated. Now, in the "Romaunt de la Rose" Bel-accueil is confined in a tower, built by Jealousy, of which the gaoler and torturer is this self-same *Honte* or Shame.

The second illustration shows the destruction of Jealousy's Tower. "Richly dressed ladies are girding themselves for the attack on the Tower (which is being destroyed above) in a manner suggestive of a fifteenth century Suffragette assault on the House of Commons. The last scene shows two grand figures, probably

## THE WINTER SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

It is spring-time at Covent Garden. Though the sun is still late in rising and a cold, damp mist enshrouds the streets of London, though a suspicion of frost is in the air, it is spring-time in the Market. How else did the spring flowers and vegetables arrive this morning—tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, gorgeous in their New Year loveliness; young carrots, turnips, beans, resplendent in their birthday dress? Always a season ahead of the outside world, one has but to enter Covent Garden Market to forget the rigours of the winter. Cold and dreary has been the early morning drive—through dark, deserted streets and a sleeping town, the only sign of life the small boys who clamber on to the back of the cart, themselves the victims of the Juggernaut which bids them scramble for the bread outside the bakers' shops—but Covent Garden speaks of better things. Here is life busily throbbing,



Copyright.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JEALOUSY'S TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Justice and Reason in a Gothic Chapel." Such is the description furnished by Mr. W. G. Thomson, whose book on Tapestry is so well known. He has very kindly examined the photographs taken for the purposes of this article, and he might have been still more precise had he had an opportunity of examining the tapestry itself. Long neglected, it was found in shreds and tatters, but has been locally repaired. Together with much of a later date, it covers the walls of a great room that occupies the first floor of the octagon tower at the east end of the inhabited portion of the castle. It is to be feared that it may have suffered by being fitted round doorways and ceiling beams, and perhaps a more careful arrangement of the pieces (one of which is isolated between two tapestries of different period) might display this rare and precious survival to better advantage. Henry VII. was a large purchaser of the products of the Low Country looms, and nothing is more likely than that the merchant with whom the King dealt also had, among his customers, the "Shepherd Lord." Of his work at Skipton Castle, and of later additions and subsequent repairs, a further set of illustrations will appear next week.

T.

new life eagerly stirring, and the promise of more life and fuller. No fanciful metaphor this. Beneath the busy scene is the heart of a multitude beating in more perfect unison than perhaps anywhere else in London. Order reigns here without enforcement—invisible, at least, is the hand of steel. Without friction the great hum goes on—men and women are reasonable under a common toil. The rule of the road is a strange one, but questioned by none.

"Mind your back!" and the man with the load on his head expects you to move, be he to left or right. Business is the *raison d'être* of everything, and it is tacitly understood the idler gives way to the worker; it is the latter who counts in this London hive. The bees have each their own work and they do it—loafers there are none—there is work for all—apparently. And the degree of give and take is marvellous.

In the "Long Market" first—here are fruits and vegetables, the latter predominating. From stall to stall pass the buyers, refusing without compunction that which does not suit them and openly purchasing the despised article at a neighbouring stand; competition does not here seem to turn men into brutes,



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"Once you're in Covent Garden you're sure of a living"—that is the explanation; there is bread for all. It is not greed but fear which makes men stress and strain and cut each other's throats.

It is a picturesque sight out in the "Mud" Market. The big clock marks 3.45 and the moon glimmers coldly overhead, but oil-flares are on every stand and gasoline lamps give a cheerful glow. In the distance is the domed roof of the Apple Market, but the winter sky is here the only covering. At one time a huge umbrella defied the elements, but its owner has passed away and a younger, stronger successor has no use for the umbrella. Protection from the wind there is, for each dealer stands in a nest of baskets—baskets and bags piled high, around and beside him. In the background are carts unloading more baskets, more bags, and tons of unpacked stuff. And here, there and everywhere are the carriers of the same.

"Mind your back!" With the oft-repeated cry they pass in and out of the market, making twopence every journey. Eight pounds, nine pounds, or ten pounds is the weekly wage of some of the porters in the height of the season.

It takes a little time to find one's bearings—"Jubilee Market," "Long Market" or "Grand Row" have no special significance to the stranger. One passes from market to market with eyes that see not, but there is no uncertainty on the part of the buyers. For grapes they go to the "Fruit Market"—a building apart, in which last year one firm in one week sold fifty tons. Here also are the finer fruits—peaches, Dutch pears, Java oranges, custard apples, pomegranates and huge crates of pineapples from St. Michael.

There are women among the buyers, who conduct their business as quickly and efficiently as the men. There is no time to consider sex or opportunity, but an added courtesy acknowledges the claims of womanhood. Dealers go out of their way to say "Good-morning, Miss!" and "Mind your violets!" is occasionally the variation of the carrier. From four in the morning until eight are the buyers hard at work. An interval occurs usually between fruit and flower buying. The dealers have cocoa or tea brought to them at their stands or in their shops; all morning men or boys are passing to and fro with steaming mugs and cups, for innumerable coffee-shops are opened at the call of Covent Garden, and the Tavistock Hotel thinks it worth while to be stirring early. The buyers congregate in the coffee-room, where special sandwiches break the morning fast. Layers of toast and bacon are very welcome after the early start.

That is the business part—the works which make the wheels go round. There remains the blossom which brought us here—the new life which the early vegetables proclaim, the promise of more life in opening bud and flower. Imagine a blaze of colour—flaming poinsettias vying with exquisite azaleas, pinks of every hue leading on to the radiance of the roses, tulips in their variations, the decided pink and white of hyacinth, the softer tone of honeysuckle. Every colour, every tone met together in that harmony which only Nature can bestow. Set in a framework of green—stately palms and leafy ferns, trailing smilax and tender mosses—the Flower Market is the home of the artist, the beauty-lover; the drug shop of the sick, the sorrowing and the sad. Their physicians recognise the fact. Nurses and nuns are themselves the final touch to the picture. The sombre dress of the nun and the dark cloak of the nurse form a resting-place for the eye unaccustomed to this wealth of colour. The porters—women this time, with their badge of office—bring one back to the world of business. "Like a basket, Miss?" They stand ready with oblong baskets to receive the buyers' purchases, then to convey them to the carts outside.

There is an annexe to this floral hall, known among the buyers as the "Haggler's" Market. Here come the small people—buyers and dealers—here can be bought "a box o' mixed." Business is expedited by street cries, proclamations, and close bargainings. It is out of Regent Street into Soho.

Time is getting on and the buyers change perceptibly. Those who have shops to supply give place to the barrow-men and to the earlier flower-women. Outside the market a vigorous trade in jellied eels is going on—two-penn'orths—hot, and vinegar thrown in. A patient seller of paper-bags—fourpence per half-gross—is getting anxious, the time for trade is drawing to a close.

Nine o'clock! Clang goes the bell.

"All outside!" Springing up from nowhere are twenty to thirty officials, the policemen of the market, the servants of the Duke of Bedford. "Hurry up! all outside!"

One great door is closed, then another, but it is some minutes before the dealers can be induced to finish up. It is fully a quarter of an hour before the customers begin to move. Then the packing progresses. Lids are returned to boxes, plants carefully put out of the way, porters come in for the empties, which are despatched to the grower for to-morrow's stock. In a comparatively short time a veil is drawn over the galaxy of colour.

The scene in the Foreign Market is surprising. Here are the flower-women, the violet-sellers, the men with plants and grass-grown coats, the young mothers who frequent the streets with infants in arms—a motley multitude, ten deep, leaning over one another in eagerness for flowers. But they are careful buyers, the women more so than the men. Basket after basket the dealers open, reveal the contents, call out the price, only to pack up again. Now and then one attempts to bargain.

"Give yer six shillings for that, Alf"—they are on familiar terms with the dealer.

"Can't take it," and bang goes the basket-lid. By and by the knife which cuts the string gets blunt—long before the customers are satisfied.

"Six shillings for this lot, finest narcissus—couldn't have better. Who wants? Anybody, or nobody?"

It is surprising to see the green-coated, shawl-covered crowd bringing out their silver. Here and there a family seems to be in partnership, for the daughter buys and the mother waits behind to advise, and the daughter-in-law, who is nursing a fractious baby, is called into council.

The flowers all look the same to the unaccustomed eye, but these flower-women are truly connoisseurs. "Them's watery-like" reveals a depth of knowledge, and "them hangs heavy on their heads" a wealth of experience. Flowers with plenty of bloom will sell, flowers that look "sleepy like" won't. One's admiration for the flowers increases, they seem to stand any amount of packing and unpacking. Samples are pitched and tossed from dealer to buyer and never a petal falls. Two to six or seven baskets are bought at a time, for there is no anxiety that the flowers will not last. In a week's time the flower-seller will begin to get anxious. A rare trade in violets is proceeding in another corner, and the choice is just as particular. The patience of the dealer is only out-rivalled by the good humour of the customers. The Covent Garden spirit seems to have fallen even upon the flotsam and jetsam of the commercial world. Each knows that the other must get the best he can, and he puts no difficulties in his way. A sense of good-fellowship is upon one and all. Does the picture savour of the ideal? Perhaps, but it is the faithful impression of a looker-on who, so the platitude runs, "sees most of the game."

PEGGY SCOTT

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE CULTIVATION OF HARDY WATER-LILIES.

THESE is nothing that lends such an air of distinction and charm to a garden, whether it be of moderate or large size, as a carefully-designed and well-stocked pond or pool. In many gardens, of course, such a feature exists naturally, but in others it calls for some amount of ingenuity to create one so that it shall, above all else, be in perfect harmony with its surroundings. Since the introduction of the beautiful hardy hybrid Water-lilies raised by M. Latour Marliac, flowers of which are usually exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's summer show, the cultivation of the queen of water-flowers has received a great impetus in this country, and many have been the schemes devised to accommodate at least a few of the plants.

The artificial pool has one advantage over that which exists naturally, viz., that the best position for the plants it is

intended to instal therein can usually be selected. This is more important than may at first sight appear. Hardy though they are, these hybrid Water-lilies are apt to have their foliage and flowers rather badly damaged if subjected to severe winds, and for that reason a somewhat sheltered position ought to be chosen. Then, again, if we would revel in the full beauty of the delicate tints of the flowers, we must give them plenty of sunshine, otherwise they are too shy to open properly, and their quiet, artistic beauty must perforce remain unseen.

Owing to the comparatively dwarf habit of many of the newer forms, it is neither necessary nor desirable to have pools of large size. Of course, where a large pond, ranging in depth from eighteen inches to four feet, is already in existence, it may be stocked; and, indeed, almost any piece of natural, comparatively motionless water may be made use of. But it is rather of those pools which have to be made that I would now write.

Having selected our site, with due consideration of the desired features already mentioned, and also for the necessary supply of water, the actual formation of the pool must be undertaken. The comparative ease with which this can be done will depend very largely upon the nature of the soil. If of a stiff, retentive nature, the work will be much simplified, but if of a sandy or gravelly character, many difficulties will be encountered, difficulties that must be absolutely overcome at the outset if our Lily pool is to be a success. We must ever remember that it should be water-tight; even a slight leakage will quickly reduce the volume of water, and in the frequent replacement of this the temperature of the whole is very seriously reduced, a state of affairs that is detrimental to the plants. Little is to be gained by making the pool very broad; one six feet wide, but as much longer as individual tastes may desire, is most serviceable, because then the plants can be easily reached without unduly disturbing the water.

Generally speaking, a depth of two feet six inches of water is sufficient, and with this in view it will be necessary to make the excavation at least six inches deeper, or even more where sandy and porous soil is encountered. The sides should slope gently towards the margins, as the work of puddling and cementing is then more easily and effectively carried out. Where the natural soil is hard, close and retentive, cementing may be done as soon as all loose earth has been cleared away; but the best Portland cement, very thoroughly mixed, only must be used. This should be at least four inches in thickness at the bottom, and may slope off towards the margins to half that thickness. With sandy or open soil it is advisable to procure a quantity of stiff clay, mix it thoroughly into a stiff mortar and then thoroughly puddle the excavation with it, a layer six inches in thickness being none too much. When set firm, cement over as advised above. A method of finishing the margin—which I have seen successfully adopted—is to make a small terrace about six inches from the top, so that the actual margin extends into the surrounding soil. It can then be overhung with turf or creeping plants; any objectionable formality is thus obviated. When thoroughly dry, such a tank should be filled with water, and if this can be kept running for a few weeks before planting, so much the better. Under no circumstances is it advisable to plant in an artificial pool for several weeks after it is ready, and the water ought, if it cannot be kept running as advised, to be changed several times.

Good turfy loam of rather close texture should be used for the Water-lilies, and a layer of from eight to twelve inches is sufficient; at least, for all the smaller-growing kinds. Early May

is the time for planting these Water-lilies, and each plant should be given plenty of room; four feet apart is none too much. The actual planting does not present any serious difficulties. When received from the nurseryman at the period mentioned, the roots may be pushed well into the mud and the plants will quickly establish themselves. Practically stationary water is best, and this should be secured if possible. The following are good Water-lilies that are hardy in most parts of the British Isles: *Marliacea albida*, white, tinged pink; *M. carnea*, pink; *chromatella*, yellow; *caroliniana*, red; *caroliniana nivea*, white. The above are suitable for the deepest parts of the pool. The following, owing to their smaller stature, may be given the more shallow positions towards the margins: *Laydekeri rosea*, liliacea, lilac and carmine; *purpurata*, purple; *pygmæa*, white; and *pygmæa Helvola*, yellow.

F. W. H.

#### THE WICHURAIANA ROSES.

THIS beautiful class of Roses, represented by such well-known varieties as Dorothy Perkins and Lady Gay, call for attention much earlier in the spring than the Teas, Hybrid Teas and Hybrid Perpetuals, especially where the long, wand-like shoots need tying in position. Already the buds have swollen considerably, and have taken to themselves an elongated form, and if the work mentioned above is delayed longer there will be considerable danger of the buds getting rubbed out during the operation. Of course, where all the old, useless wood was cut clean away after the flowers had faded early last autumn, as it ought to have been, there will be little in the way of pruning to be done now. The long shoots that were produced from the base last year are the ones that will give us our floral display this year, and the sooner these are tied in their proper positions the better. Any weak, twiggy growths may be removed without fear of inciting the buds into premature growth; these always burst early, no matter what treatment is given them, and although the tender shoots that emanate may be blackened by frost they seem to have remarkable recuperative powers, owing probably to the comparatively late date at which they flower, and which naturally allows them a longer season to grow out of the injury. The removal of the soft tips of the young rods tied in now should be left until at least the end of March, as one can then judge better how much it is necessary to take away.

H.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

#### THE LAMBING-PEN.

**P**ERHAPS there is no one to whom fine weather is so important at this time of the year as the flockmaster and, incidentally, his shepherd. How often one hears a shepherd remark, "I don't care how cold it be, sir, so long as it keeps dry." In wet weather the percentage of ewes and lambs lost is always greater than in dry weather, and for this reason the flockmaster will always select a dry spot for his lambing-yard, and one which is sheltered from



J. Pottle.

SOUTH DOWNS.

Copyright.





J. Pottle.

## THE SHEPHERD.

Copyright.

wind and rain. The photographs show the lambing-pen on Mr. J. H. Ismay's Home Farm at Iwerne Minster. This pen is situated on a gently sloping piece of ley ground on the edge of Cranborne Chase, facing south and sheltered on the north, west and east by trees, thus admitting all the available sunshine, and at the same time being free from the cold winds and the rains. Each shepherd has his own methods of dealing with the detail of the lambing-pen, but the main principles are in nearly every case identical where Down sheep are kept. The pen is constructed of a double row of hurdles, packed with straw, with a lean-to roof supported on posts and thatched. Under this roof small pens, one hurdle square, are constructed. The lamb is born in the yard, or big pen, and then removed with its mother to one of the small pens until both are seen to be doing well. The shepherd now proceeds to class his lambs; as a rule you will find two or three open runs made warm with fresh clean bedding; in one you will find all the twins, in another the shepherd's pick of all the single lambs, and in the third all lambs which will probably be unfit for the flock. In this particular pen the method adopted is to divide the big pen into two—in one half all the two-tooth ewes will be seen, and in the other all the four-tooth, six-tooth and older ewes.

There are still about eighty ewes of the three hundred Hampshire Down flock to lamb, and then comes the turn of the Southdown flock, which comprises one hundred and thirty ewes. But of the two hundred and twenty Hampshire Down ewes, eighty have produced twins; this is, perhaps, not so good as one could expect, but there is the quality if not the quantity, and the shepherd (who comes of an old shepherd stock, and whose father performed seventy years of shepherding without a day's illness) already sees high prices for his ram lambs, and is, in imagination, tacking up his prize cards to swell the large number he has already.

## LAND PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY.

IT needs no saying that at the present moment new problems are arising in connection with the land; or, at any rate, old problems are assuming a new complexion. Mr. Christopher Turnor has attempted to deal with some of them in a book of which brief mention was made in our last issue. He calls it "Land Problems and National Welfare," and it is published at the Bodley Head. The writer has many qualifications for dealing with the subject.

He himself owns land on a considerable scale. He has evidently given much thought to its management, and he has corrected and enlarged the experience gained in Great Britain by travel and study abroad. Moreover, he does not write as a rigid party man. He is, for example, in favour of Tariff Reform, but is able to see and state the objections to it. The question of re-introducing a duty on foodstuffs is one that we prefer not to discuss at the present moment. So much can be said on both sides that the reasonable man will prefer to wait until some decisive and overwhelming argument is forthcoming. Besides, Mr. Christopher Turnor has the good sense to perceive that the salvation of English agriculture does not depend on a fiscal system. His words on this occasion are: "For farmers to think that Tariff Reform will bring in an agricultural millennium, without organisation and effort on their own part, is worse than folly. No universal panacea for evils has yet been found, and even superficial study of the problems before us is sufficient to show that fiscal reform can only be fully successful even in its own sphere, if it be wisely married to other much needed reforms, such as land reform, improved education, improved housing of the poor, etc." There are plenty of interesting topics treated in the book which need not be discussed in a political spirit. A few of these points it may be interesting to touch upon. One attracts us because it is amusing. This is a reproduction of certain budgets of poor people. From an economical point of view they are not illuminating. No inference can be drawn, for example, from a budget of an agricultural labourer whose income is 14s. a week, of which he spends 13s. 6d. But in any case the items do not seem to be exhaustive. They are: Rent of cottage, bread, firing, meat, ale and tobacco, tea, sugar and soap. It will be observed that no allowance is made for boots or clothes, and the number in the family is not stated. The budget of an urban labourer with a family of three and an income of 18s. 6d. is still more curious. There is no bread mentioned in it, but a stone of flour and a quarter of a stone of "bread meal," whatever that may be, implying that the urban householder has his bread baked at home. We are afraid that this must be a very exceptional household. In how many town villas does the supply of bread come straight from the oven? Yet there are three urban budgets given, and they all show this same feature of flour, but no bread, being purchased. The funniest entries occur in the last of them, which finishes up with "sundries 6s.," and then shows a balance of 1d. Such entries as: "1 box globe polish, 1 box zebra polish, a pennyworth of cat's meat and a bath brick," suggest the idea of these budgets being concocted and not real. It seems very like it, at any rate, when sundries come to 6s. and the balance is 1d. More serious is Mr. Christopher Turnor's treatment of other figures. He lightly estimates, for example, that the British farmer could make £20,000,000 worth of butter in addition to selling milk. But the reason why butter is not largely made in this country at present is just because the price paid for it is not so good as is obtained for milk, and we suggest that it would be a much safer policy to develop and widen the taste for clean, fresh milk. If the poor people could be taught to use it, and the farmers were to supply it in proper condition, the result would at the same time benefit agriculture and exercise a most beneficial effect on infant mortality. But



J. Pottle.

## HAMPSHIRE DOWNS.

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the point on which we would like to have more figures and more information is the comparison that Mr. Christopher Turnor institutes between the production of this country and various other countries. He adopts certain opinions from Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's work, "Lessons from Belgium," without weighing them very carefully. Thus we would like to know what is implied by the statement that the Belgians eat 40 per cent. more bread than Englishmen. Generally speaking, he considers it a sign of prosperity when a country consumes more bread; but if he studies the condition at home, he will see that the reverse is the case. When butcher meat is not plentiful, the cottage diet tends to become largely one of tea—tea six or seven times a day is taken, according to one of the Government reports, in some

districts—and the substitute for a meat dinner is one of bread and cheese. In fact, wherever little meat is consumed, much bread or much cereal food, at any rate, is sure to be eaten. Thus, the fact brought forward by Mr. Rowntree and endorsed by Mr. Christopher Turnor tells in a way exactly opposite to his interpretation of it. This is emphasised by his admission that in Belgium the agricultural labourer is "still wretchedly paid"; this on page 63, whereas on page 121 these "wretchedly paid" people are said to be better nourished than families in York whose average income is 19s. 8d. The weakness of the comparison with other countries lies in the bold positive generalisations made from slight data. Facts, facts, and still more facts are wanted, and when they are supplied the conclusions will follow of their own accord.

## ENGLAND v. FRANCE.



AN EXCITING MOMENT.

LAST Saturday's match at Twickenham between England and France must be set down as something of a disappointment. As a spectacle it was entertaining enough; but, still, it was disappointing in several ways. In the first place, France, having beaten Scotland, were expected to make a fight of it, and England won a runaway victory by 37 points to nothing. Secondly, everybody had come to see Faillot, the great French three-quarter, and there was no Faillot to see. It is true that we had been warned in some of the morning papers of his defection; but, still, we hoped against hope that he would be there. There is always something thrilling about a mighty sprinter, and Faillot was said to be the fastest runner now playing football. Rumour had indeed been busy with his achievements. He held all the "records" in France, he had thrown the discus unheard-of

distances, he could run like a streak of lightning and had made rings round the labouring Scotsmen. Lane and Vareilles, two more of the French three-quarter line, were also away; but it was Faillot that we wanted to see, and no Frenchman can have mourned his absence more sincerely than did the English spectators. Faillot must surely be a great man; otherwise it is a little hard to understand on Saturday's showing how Scotland were beaten.

There was also, perhaps, a little disappointment over the too orthodox and ordinary deportment of the visitors. With our fine, sturdy insularity, we half expected the Southern temperament to show itself in some not very clearly defined way, perhaps in wild shrieks of excitement and rage and defiance. But the Frenchmen, if they played with plenty of spirit, and at times with a kind of concentrated fierceness, played in silence,

and the only sound that came from the field itself was the stentorian voice of Birkett, the English captain, calling on his forwards. Again, any vague expectations as to the exciting appearance of the invaders were hardly realised. They were fine, big men, and looked very attractive in their sky blue jerseys, white breeches and red stockings; but they looked, as we said to ourselves, "like anybody else." There was one very striking personality among the forwards, a dark, handsome man with a touzled mass of black curls confined beneath a cap, who needed only large gold earrings to make him perfectly picturesque. He was always to be seen in the van of the French rushes.

No doubt France was very severely handicapped by the



STRUGGLE FOR THE BALL FROM A LINE-OUT.



loss of three out of her four best three-quarters. Burgun, the one survivor, played well. The substitutes worked hard and tackled grimly, but they seemed to distrust their own powers. "Ils ne passent pas," groaned an agonised supporter, and for a long time the French centres always kicked as soon as the ball came to them, and scarcely attempted to give their wings a chance. In the second half, when the day was hopelessly lost, they brought off several rounds of passing with both speed and neatness, and would have done better had they tried the passing game before. The forwards worked untiringly, but they lacked the art of getting the ball in the scrummage. In the second half they were fairly played off their legs by the Englishmen, but in the earlier part of the game they came away with several spirited rushes. Save, however, for a moment or two at the very beginning, there seemed but very little likelihood of France actually scoring. Chances there were, but the power of finishing, of driving the attack effectively home, was too clearly absent.

It would be tedious to criticise the winners at length.

In the second half, with their adversaries still full of pluck but obviously demoralised, they made hay while the sun shone, and made it very well. In the first half they appeared a little demoralised themselves. Perhaps they suffered from that self-conscious feeling known to all players of games, which would find expression in some such words as "What fools we shall look if we don't win!" Perhaps they were momentarily hustled off their feet by the go and *clan* of the Frenchmen. At any rate, they played for a while in a scrambling and unsatisfactory manner. There was, of course, plenty to admire on the English side. Lambert's place kicking, for instance, was magnificent, and Stoop, although he was not faultless, is always intensely

interesting. His try in the second half was something like an effort of genius. He received the ball from Gotley, appeared to hesitate when he ought to have passed and to be lost by his hesitation. The next minute he had wriggled clear of one Frenchman's embrace and was threading his way in some mysterious manner through a host of others, to finish with a splendid try behind the posts. Pillman tearing after the ball



A GOOD PASS.

is always exciting, and there is a fine ferocity about King with his bullet head and tremendous shoulders; he could surely come from no other county but Yorkshire, that once enriched the English packs with its Bradshaws and Toothills and Jowetts.

The visitors were immensely popular with the crowd, who cheered them most lustily. It is perhaps rather easy to be chivalrous to an opponent who is comfortably beaten, but there was plenty of enthusiasm for France when they seemed likely to take the lead in the first few minutes of the game. At the end, when they filed off the ground, they were patted on the back in an exhausting fashion, an attention that they received with a most pleasant and smiling politeness.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

NOTHING that has previously appeared about Lafcadio Hearn has interested me so much as his *Japanese Letters* (Constable), edited by Elizabeth Bisland. Most of them were written to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, and a few of those included are directed to Mr. W. B. Mason and to Mrs. Hearn. But the letters addressed to Chamberlain are those of most value. Lord Rosebery, in his recent biography of Chatham, expressed his regret at there being no material to enable us to picture the great statesman in his dressing-gown and slippers, smoking a pipe. In these letters we have Hearn exactly in that condition. He pours out his mind to his correspondent upon every topic that interests him, and in the mood he happens to be at the moment. There is none of that full dress which is too often a preparation for print. It is very evident that Lafcadio Hearn never for one moment dreamed of the publication of these letters; hence their value. Those who would like to see him exactly as he was cannot fail to rejoice in this volume. It would not be possible in the space of a short article to even glance at a tenth part of the topics which crop up and are discussed in a manner that is always vivacious and full of vitality, whatever be the writer's views. Hearn is not troubled by any desire to be consistent. Over and over again he shows the willingness of a really great mind to reconsider his judgments and accept those of his friend when they are commended by reason and knowledge. In regard to Japan itself he exhibits many varieties of mood. At one time what impresses him most is the truth of Mr. Lowell's observation that the "Japanese are the happiest people in the world," and he says: "To escape out of Western civilization into Japanese life is like escaping from a pressure of ten atmospheres into a perfectly normal medium." At another time he sums up feelings of an opposite description in the compendious phrase, "Damn Japan." But he is most interesting when, feeling neither at one extreme nor the other, he uses his Oriental experience to throw light upon Western civilisation. Looking from Japan he gives the following description of a typical American newspaper:

It comes to me filled with columns headed "Feminine Gossip," "New Fashions," "Woman in Art," "Clara Belle's Letter About Small Feet," etc.,

all accompanied by small outline woodcuts, representing wonderful women in wonderful dresses. The original poetry is all about love and despair. The stories are tales about enamoured swains and cruel beauties.

He says it is nauseating at the time of writing, though years before he had considered it rather refined compared with other papers, and this thought introduces the following passage:

"Teacher," cry my students, "why are English novels all about love and marriage? That seems to us very strange." They say "strange." They think "indecent." Then I try to explain:—"My dear lads, the world of the West is not as the world of the East. In the West, Society is not, as you know, constituted upon the same plan. A man must make his own family; the family does not make him. What you do not know, is that for the average educated man without money, life is a bitter and terrible fight, a battle in which no quarter is given. And what is the simplest and most natural thing of all in Japan,—to get married,—is in the West extremely difficult and dangerous. Yet all a man's life turns upon that effort. Without a wife he has no home. He seeks success, in order to be rich enough to get married. Success in life means success in marriage. And the obstacles are many and wonderful." . . . (I explain.) "Therefore English novels treat of love and marriage above all things; because these mean everything in life for the English middle classes at least; and the middle classes like these books, and make the men rich who write them well, because they sympathise with the imaginary sufferings of the lovers. Which you don't,—because you can't,—and I guess you're just about right on that score."

Now this kind of writing, at any rate, has the merit of making one think, even though a little reflection shows that Mr. Hearn was exaggerating. The modern novel, so far as its interest hinges upon love, is not exactly a product of modern civilisation. In the oldest literature it is the same kind of story told under different conditions. The Iliad and the Odyssey were inspired by the same motive—"the face that launched a thousand ships And burnt the topless towers of Ilium." The Greek literature that came after Homer, the Roman literature, the Northern Saga literature, and, indeed, all the heroic poems that the world has produced are written round the same class of sentiment that inspires the commonest novel of the twentieth century, and even in Hearn's adopted country the romance of love, if we may judge from its literature, has by no means been got rid of. That, of course, is obvious, but there still remains a vast amount of wisdom in Hearn's trenchant comment that

our pleasures, the theatre, the opera, the marvels of sculpture and painting, the new musical faculty,—all are shapen with a view to the stimulation of sexual



dealism. Nay, the luxury of it,—the voluptuousness,—betrays itself in the smallest details of business or invention,—from the portrait of an actress or ballet-dancer on a package of cigarettes, to the frescoes of a Government building; from a child's toy, to the bronze lamp upheld by a splendid nude at the foot of a palace stairway. If the God of the West is Money, it is only because money is the Pandarus that holds Cressida's key. In education, indeed, our object is to delay puberty and its emotions as long as possible,—so as to store up force in the individual. We lie, dupe, conceal, play hypocrite for a good purpose. But when the children become men and women, they are suddenly plunged into an atmosphere full of the Eternal Feminine, and for the rest of life they can escape it only by fleeing to some less civilised country. Of the evils thus produced, nothing need be here said. They are only the accidents;—they don't explain matters.

Another letter which will be greatly read and discussed is that in which the impetuous mind of the writer preaches the character of words with an infectious enthusiasm that is calculated to delight those who follow "art for art's sake," since the basis of it lies in the belief that words have colour and sound. Hearn says:

I write for beloved friends who can see colour in words, can smell the perfume of syllables in blossom, can be shocked with the fine elfish electricity of words. And in the eternal order of things, words will eventually have their rights recognised by the people.

This is very finely put and yet not entirely convincing. Words are in themselves absolutely colourless. They take colour from the mind of him who uses them, and each mind gives to them a tint of its own. Hearn shall furnish an example of this himself:

see the Faces of London (I remember them still) or the Faces of any English crowd. There is such pain and passion there. Again, the extraordinary mobility and development of the facial muscles, shows something totally different to the Buddhist jñi-calm of these Japanese masks.

The word "Faces" is used here with a force of imagination that carries its own picture with it. We need no digression on the subject. When he uses the phrase "the Faces of London" he lets us see what he saw when watching that endless procession which paces along the chief streets of London. Yet the picture he conveys is entirely his own picture. It does not belong to the word, but is a suffusion of the word from the mind of the writer. At least, so one thinks on reading this beautiful and suggestive passage. It fills us with dreams of an ideal world in which no speaker would use a word unless it had a definite meaning attached to it; so that all the formulæ of speech, all the conventional meaningless expressions should be done away with, and conversation would become an interchange of real thought. As a further example of Hearn's command of language, take the following:

To me Loti seems for a space to have looked into Nature's whole splendid burning fulgurant soul, and to have written under her very deepest and strongest inspiration. He was young. Then the colour and the light faded, and only the worn-out blasé nerves remained; and the poet became,—a little morbid modern affected Frenchman.

There are many passages in these letters of equally masculine incisiveness. It is very seldom indeed that a book consisting wholly of letters has the power to hold one's interest entranced as a novel does; but on one reader at least this effect was produced by the book before us, and it was not only the variety of interests and the fineness of the insight brought to play upon them that operated like a spell, but the letters so fully and clearly, in the absolute sincerity with which they are written, develop a most attractive and complicated mind that they exercise all the magic of a romance. P.

#### SPORT IN CHINA.

**With Boat and Gun in the Yangtze Valley**, by H. T. Wade. (Shanghai Mercury, Limited. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner.)

THIS book, which deals very fully with shooting, and particularly with wildfowl-shooting, in the Yangtze Valley, was first published some fifteen years ago. According to the author, the sport of recent years has not depreciated to any great extent, although bags nowadays are not so heavy as of yore, perhaps owing to the deleterious effect which modern shooting conditions have had upon the sportsman. Be that as it may, under favourable circumstances China must be a paradise for the wildfowler. To anyone who intends visiting the country for purposes of sport, we would recommend the present volume, which, though of interest chiefly to residents, is written by an enthusiast who knows what he is talking about and imparts a great deal of information. He makes one suggestion which we should like to see carried into effect. Game laws are easy to frame and difficult to enforce, yet if the Chinese Government sought the co-operation of the French and International Municipal Councils, together with that of the agents of the various steamship lines, and rendered the export of game during the close season punishable by law, it would be a step towards checking a growing evil. The first authentically recorded big bag was made in 1872 in the Pasejon Creek, about three miles in length. Six guns bagged 1,629 head, including 1,497 pheasants, 74 deer, 47 duck and teal, and 11 various. Unfortunately, Mr. Wade does not state how long the shoot lasted. Of the thirty different kinds of wildfowl to be met with in the Yangtze Valley, only three breed there. Many of the author's friends have contributed chapters, that by Mr. J. Newberry on shore and inland water shooting being among the most interesting. In it he describes shooting from a sink box. Several pages are devoted to sporting dogs, and it would seem that a Labrador would be ideal for the work, though Mr. Wade considers that on the whole the pointer is the most suitable dog for shooting purposes in North China. There are some useful hints on breaking, and remedies are prescribed for the

more common ailments which are likely to affect dogs in this part of the world. Four chapters are devoted to house-boats and all that pertains thereto, some sound advice being given to intending purchasers; but this portion of Mr. Wade's book will not make a very strong appeal to any save the expert. Mr. F. W. Styan deals at length with the snipe, of which seven varieties are found. "Some Chinese Methods of Shooting and Trapping Game," by Mr. Kum Ayeau, are most entertaining, though at times hardly appealing to the foreigner as being very sporting. A description of a hunting expedition of the kind indulged in by Chinese noblemen is a little ambiguous in parts. It is stated that the beaters "set the game afoot, which was pursued by quick men carrying torches"! There is a delightful picture by a native artist of a gentleman, submerged to his neck, wearing an ecstatic grin in pursuit of wildfowl with a ginal. A large part of the book is devoted to topographical notes, of which those on Ningpo, Loochow (the scene of the close of the Taiping Rebellion) and Hangchow are the best. Owing to the variable conditions of the Yangtze from year to year, and the ever-spreading area under cultivation, it is impossible to give precise information as to where good shooting may be obtained at any given time. The writers, however, have rendered the would-be sportsman's task much less difficult. A native is mentioned who was accustomed to kill wildfowl by firing a wooden ramrod among them. He found the device most successful. The shooting round Hangchow shows no very rosy prospects, though at Changyang Reeves' pheasants can be killed. Though not closely connected with sport, there are two pages of interest on the Hangchow Bore, that huge wave which attains a height of fifteen feet and so continues for a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles. The most useful contents for an up-country medicine-chest are enumerated, and the latter part of the book is devoted to extracts from the author's game-book. In three weeks in December, 1901, in the Waku country, one of the finest shooting districts on the Yangtze, two guns secured 1,318 head, including thirteen varieties. Big game is just touched on, and a recent addition to the fauna of North China is mentioned, the tufted deer (*Elaphodus changensis*), shot at Tchong by Mr. A. E. Leatham. Bursts of poetry are frequent, and the author occasionally uses a word which would have been better left out. There are maps, a useful index, and a table of distances from Shanghai to the principal shooting centres.

#### HOUNDS AND HUNTING.

**The Foxhound**, No. 2. Quarterly; 2s. 6d. net. Edited by Major H. de M. Leathes. (London: The Biographical Press.)

We have received the second number of the *Foxhound*. It is not less interesting than its predecessor. Whether we agree with the opinions expressed by Major Leathes or not, this periodical cannot fail to be of the greatest value to all who are interested in hound-breeding. Even if we do not agree with the editor in his main proposition, that hounds of the Peterborough standard are not suited to every country, yet from the variety of opinions which the discussion excites we cannot fail to derive much useful instruction. We ourselves are of opinion that hounds cannot be too well bred for a rough country, and that it is merely a question of expense which sometimes hinders Masters from breeding hounds up to this standard. We have discussed this point with three Masters who hunt three of the roughest countries in the West of England, and they are all agreed that the fashionable lines of Belvoir and Milton are the best workers in their respective countries. Nevertheless, the editor raises some interesting questions which we have not space to deal with here. But there is one point of very great value to which Major Leathes draws attention, as Lord Henry Bentinck and many others have done before, that bad scent, as we call it, is in reality the result of injury to the hound's organ of smell from injudicious feeding. The discussions on these practices are extremely valuable; but in the historical parts there are some serious errors and omissions. It is stated twice that Mr. Osbaldeston's famous Furrier, whose blood is to be found not only, as the editor seems to think, in the Brocklesby kennels, but to a far greater extent at Belvoir and other leading kennels, was a draft from Lord Yarborough's pack. This is quite wrong. Furrier was bred by Goosey in the Belvoir kennels. He was by Saladin, and Saladin was by Sultan, the last-named being by Lord Sefton's Sultan. It is well known that Lord Sefton bought Mr. Meynell's hounds, or some of them, and retained Mr. Meynell's huntsman, Jack Raven. Furrier, therefore, represents Mr. Meynell's Quorn pack in direct descent. Furrier was not quite straight, and was drafted from the Belvoir for that reason. It is true that Mr. Osbaldeston gave Furrier to Lord Yarborough in 1829, and he left in that kennel his strain of blood, which produced Rallywood and eventually Weathergage, the greatest hound of our own or indeed of any period of fox-hunting. Again, in the account of the Quorn Hunt there is a notice of Tom Firr, which is inadequate and somewhat misleading. Tom Firr's greatest Master was Colonel Anstruther Thomson, to whom he went as second whipper-in under Richard Roake, and it was from this position that Tom Firr was promoted to be huntsman of the North Warwickshire, and from this Hunt he succeeded Gillard with the Quorn. Tom Firr was a great huntsman, perhaps the greatest of our time, but he was not a great hound-breeder in comparison with his contemporaries, Frank Gillard at Belvoir, Will Dale at Brocklesby or Mr. Austin Mackenzie in the Woodland Pytchley. These errors are blemishes which might easily be avoided. The hunting maps with which the *Foxhound* is illustrated are excellent, but the portraits of the hounds whose photographs appear are not very satisfactory. Several of them look as if they had been fed recently, and we all know that, under those circumstances, it is impossible to obtain a characteristic likeness of a hound, much less one from which we can judge of his make and shape. We have noted these blemishes because we think that in a publication so valuable and interesting it is well worth while to avoid slips of the kind noted above, and we have no hesitation in recommending the *Foxhound* warmly to all who are interested in hounds and their work.

#### ELIZABETH AND A NORTHERN CATHOLIC.

**Pam the Fiddler**, by Halliwell Sutcliffe. (T. Werner Laurie.)

THE fault in this tale, which otherwise is well arranged and well written, is a certain self-consciousness of diction which becomes tiresome. The author is too conscious of the greatness of the scenes and the people he is writing of, and the result is that his characters are conscious too, and talk eternally in lofty and romantic phrases as they certainly did not talk when in the flesh. History may deal with personages as personages, but an historical novel measures its achievement by its success or otherwise in showing them as men and women. That said, there is nothing but praise for an excellent story of the days of Elizabeth, full of love and fighting and warring religions, told from the Stuarts' point of view, and with a young hero in it on whom Queen Mary lays her spell and bestows a knighthood.

## CLEVER STUDIES.

**Odd Come Shorts**, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Mills and Boon.)

THE writer of "Cynthia's Way" is incapable of bad or abortive writing, and the stories in *Odd Come Shorts* show the same combination of sense, charm and insight as attracts one in her longer novels. Of these three literary attributes, sense is perhaps the most rarely met with, and its natural accompaniment of irony and wit is here highly refreshing. The best and longest story has the place of honour. In "The Woman with a Future" the vulgar Hesperia and her vulgar mother are drawn with a sure hand, and form a most effective contrast to the little lady, sensible, reticent and wise, who is the mother of poor Philip. Jane and Peter, English man and woman in a cosmopolitan welter, are an interesting couple in the second story, but Mrs. Honiton herself is hardly credible. With "The Opinions of Angela" readers of the *Westminster Gazette* are already familiar, and they will welcome the chance of renewing acquaintance with anyone so pleasingly inconsequent and feminine.

## PRIDE AND PATRICIA.

**Patricia of Pall Mall**, by Curtis Yorke. (John Long.)

THE title is, perhaps, the most effective part of this story, but it is an amiable and pleasant little tale. Patricia is left penniless, and she starts a hair-dressing establishment in Pall Mall, in spite of the strenuous efforts of her various lovers to provide her with a less exacting path in life. Eventually one of them does succeed in doing so, but not before sufficient misunderstandings have arisen to make a story, chiefly through the agency of one Sylvia. She is a "little cat" who appears at every corner very opportunely for the tale, which would

otherwise have come to a much too early end, but very inopportunately for the lovers. And she says the wrong thing with much success, which has the invariable effect of driving the indignant Patricia miles from the arms of John Darrell, and adding another chapter to the book.

## ROMANTIC TALES.

**Declined with Thanks**, by Una L. Silberrad. (Constable.)

A BOOK of short stories, several of them good in spite of the fact that they have, according to the author, been "declined with thanks" by several editors. The editors made a mistake. "The Thaw," a tale of a strange betrothal and a great flood, and the rescuing of a young lady by the man who, unknown to him or her, is none other than her affianced husband, is eminently readable, and touches quite a high level of romantic circumstance and good English. So does "The Mating of the Lady Theresa." These are the best, but all are good, except, perhaps, the first two, wherein the striving after a tragic effect is a little too obvious.

## BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Home Life in Spain, by S. L. Bensusan. (Methuen.)  
The Simpkins Plot, by George A. Birmingham. (Nelson.)  
Lady Fanny, by Mrs. George Norman. (Methuen.)  
The Fiddler, by Mrs. J. O. Arnold. (Alston Rivers.)  
Defenders of the Faith, by Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen.)  
Demeter's Daughter, by Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen.)

[SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 146.]

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

## HANDICAPPING BY DISTANCE.

THE suggestion of the team match between men and ladies is raising an interest of which I had not suspected it capable. One of the ladies, a very good player and high in their councils, writes me a line proposing that instead of giving any odds inform of strokes the men should allow the ladies, at all the holes except the short ones, to play from tees advanced to a point to be mutually agreed upon. She states that she has known this way of handicapping the sexes tried, and found very successful. It is interesting, and it is an idea very capable of expansion. There is no reason why it should be restricted to handicaps between golfers of different sexes. As between golfers of the same sex, but different length of drive, it might be a very useful mode.

## A GOOD IDEA.

It is a suggestion which has its merit in that, according to modern ideas, a hole has to be regulated, as to its length, by the driving of the person who has to play it. That is to say, that the idea of the modern constructor of courses is to set out his holes and plant his bunkers with an eye all the time to the measure of the driving of an ordinarily good scratch player, or a little better. He will not lay them out for a Braid or a Daugé, but it is not perhaps too much to say that he will lay them out for a Harry Vardon or a Taylor. These are long drivers, but they are not beyond the normal measure, and it is the normal measure which is the guide. That being so, it is evident at once that all the measurements are upset when you bring to the course so planned a driver who goes — what shall we say? — thirty yards shorter. I should be interested to hear many opinions as to the difference in length of drive between the normal first-class lady and the normal first-class man. Certainly the lady does not get the length of carry that a man gets, and certainly she does not hit such a good second out of a rough lie.

## WOULD MAKE THE LENGTH OF HOLES RIGHT FOR ALL DRIVERS.

But directly you bring to the course a driver of such different length as this (no matter of what sex) from him for whom the course was made, you are putting him or her on

a course which is not a good one. If good for the short driver it is not good for the long. It cannot serve both measures. Miss Leitch, though unusually long for a lady, bore witness to this more than once at Walton Heath when



W. L. RITCHIE.



she was playing Mr. Hilton. She went, with two perfect shots, plump into a bunker that two perfect shots would take a first-class man well over, and had she got over this bunker that would of itself have been proof that for men it was wrongly placed. Now when, as in this instance, the lady got into the bunker with the second, the advancing of the tee may not always meet the trouble. But it could always meet all trouble connected with the tee shot itself, could always bring the lady forward so that she would have an equal chance with the man of getting over the first hazard, and it would help her towards the second shot, even if it did not succeed in making it quite a good one.

#### THE LADY'S CHIEF DISADVANTAGE IS AFTER THE TEE SHOT.

There is only one point in which this suggestion seems to be weak. It goes on the assumption that if you can put the two sexes level at the end of the tee shot you have established a golfing equality. Does golf "as she is played" bear out and confirm this notion? I do not think so. It has always been a matter of surprise to me that ladies with their delicate hands—so tender on a horse's mouth—are not more clever at the short game. Men seem to beat them there. Then, again, those strong pushes up to the hole which are so effective with an iron club in the hands of a muscular man are hardly within the possibility of feminine accomplishment. The lady has to get the length by a further swing, and that introduces a greater chance of error. We must give the lady an advance on the tee which will put her better than level with the man at the end of their drives, if both are properly hit. She must still have a little in hand from him to give her an equal chance, and, so advancing her, the match might be close. Why not give the ladies a ten per cent. advantage all the way through, advance them fifty yards in a five hundred-yard hole, ten yards in a hundred-yard hole (it is quite an advantage to be ten yards nearer the hole with a hundred to go) and on that scale all the way round? I will even go further, and say that if on all links we had these two sets of tees, one shortening the hole ten per cent. as compared with the other, it would go a long way to compose the difficulties which often exist between the interests of the long driver and the short. You could then arrange before starting whether you would play from long tees or from short, and arrange handicaps accordingly. It would introduce a most interesting new way of handicapping, and we may speculate till we are tired on the equivalent in ordinary odds which this ten per cent. shortening of distance represents.

H. G. H.

#### ANOTHER 69 BY BRAID.

A round under 70 at Walton Heath, most long and difficult of courses, has always seemed to me a feat of almost impossible goodness. I have known that Braid has been round on at least two occasions in 68, while Ritchie, who is going to Worplesdon, has had a 69, but I have never, till last week, had the fun of seeing these things accomplished. I know all about it now, through struggling in a three-ball match against the champion last week. He duly went round in 69—indeed his ball hit the last hole for a 68—and that on a winter's day when there was no great run in the ground. The wind, too, was not in a quarter to favour low scoring. Those who know the course will perhaps not think me too tedious when I say that Braid needed two of his very fiercest shots to reach the second and eighth greens; that he could not quite reach the fourth nor come near to reaching the seventh, and that to the comparatively short fifth hole he had to hit as hard as he possibly could with his play club. Under such circumstances he went out in 36 and came home in 33—truly desperate work. Even champions must needs hole some longish putts in a round such as this, and Braid did putt

excellently well, for once in a way not with his aluminium putter, but with a cleek. It may be interesting to add that he was in three bunkers in the course of the round, although I think only one of them may be said to have lost him a stroke. If only we could all get out of bunkers as he does, how much simpler the game would be. For the last two months Braid has been playing great golf, as good, probably, as he ever played in his life. Owing to his having slightly hurt his left arm, his hitting seemed palpably to have shortened during the summer, but there is assuredly nothing the matter with it now. His adversaries last week could at times almost have found it in their hearts to wish that there was,

#### AN AMBIDEXTEROUS PHENOMENON.

The partially ambidextrous golfer is not unknown. It is recorded in history that Bob Kirk extricated himself from an apparently hopeless predicament by means of a left-handed club and so won a big match. Willy Park also played a left-handed shot from under a wall in his famous match with Harry Vardon. I met a few days since a golfing friend who had had an experience making him doubt for the moment either his sanity or his powers of vision. His opponent drove all the first tee left-handed and played his second up to the hole in like manner. Then, without a word of warning, while my informant rubbed his eyes in amazement, he turned round and putted right-handed. This was only the beginning of his greatness, for he played approach shots of a certain length left-handed and those of another length from the other side of his ball. Finally, when he was left with a putt wherein he did not fancy either the stance or the line, he called calmly for his left-handed putter. What a vision of possibilities does the story of this gentleman open up. To one so gifted bad stances should not exist, and he should almost be in the position of one ruling the elements; he could in effect have the wind blowing from whichever side of him he liked. I believe he has never played a match between his right hand and his left. It would be a most interesting contest and might settle the relative values of driving and putting. I should not, however, like to be his caddy.

W. L. RITCHIE.

Ritchie, who has been for some time past in Braid's shop at Walton Heath, is now on the point of departure to take up his new place as professional at Worplesdon. It is a fine position for a young player, but one that Ritchie has thoroughly earned, more especially by his excellent golf during the last twelve months. It will be remembered that he won the Assistants' Tournament at Bushey in the autumn, and in that competition, although Watt, Macey and one or two others showed themselves to be good golfers, Ritchie might fairly be described as being in a class by himself. He just failed to qualify for the *News of the World* Tournament, but played very well indeed in the open championship, having one especially fine round of 74. There must always be differences of opinion on points of style, but there are many who think that, for grace and power combined, Ritchie's style most nearly approaches perfection among the golfers of to-day. Mr. Hilton has described his swing as resembling a well-oiled piece of machinery, and the simile is an excellent one. It is so easy a style that one hardly notices the great power that is there, for Ritchie is a hard and a long hitter. At Bushey he showed great skill in the little pitch-and-run shots from off the edge of the green, strokes which he plays rather after the manner of his great master, Braid. His putting is hardly so convincing as the rest of his game, and he has a decided tendency to "stab" his short putts; nevertheless, the ball seems to go in—a not unimportant consideration. Altogether Ritchie should have a fine golfing future.

B. D.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE CHECKING OF SALMON DISEASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The last two years have been characterised by a great outbreak in various parts of the Continent, especially France and Germany, of the bacterial salmon disease known in the former country as furunculosis. The disease is caused by a bacillus, called by Continental writers *Bacillus salmonicida*, but whether this is identical with the British bacillus described some years ago by Mr. J. H. Patterson as *Bacillus salmonis pestis*, is not stated, although it would seem probable that this is the case. Be this as it may, the disease has recently assumed a very severe form on the Continent, where it attacks not only salmon and all kinds of trout, but likewise, although apparently less often, carp and pike. In the hope of mitigating matters, two eminent French officials—M. de D. de Boulville, Assistant Inspector of Rivers and Forests, and M. L. Mercier, Chief of the Bureau of Economic Zoology at Nancy, have contributed an illustrated article on the disease to a recent issue of *Revue Générale des Sciences Pures et Appliquées*, with suggestions as to the best means of checking its ravages. Whether the Continental and the British disease be identical or no, the suggestions are equally applicable in both cases. The first recommendation is to remove from breeding-ponds the bodies of all fishes that have died of the disease. The bodies should then be well boiled and then buried, or, better still, burned between two layers of quicklime. Care should also be taken that dead fish are not devoured by the live ones, or even by birds, which may easily become, if they do so, the spreaders of infection. In cases where breeding-ponds are badly infected, it may be necessary to sacrifice a part or the whole of the stock. In the latter event, the pond should be thoroughly disinfected with quicklime before being again used. In rivers, where such methods cannot be employed, it is advisable to cut away all weeds and then to trust to self-purification, for which, of course, time must be allowed. It is added that, lest breeding-ponds should become centres of infection, notification of the presence of the disease should be made compulsory. Further, such ponds should have a foundation of gravel or sand, and the young should be well nourished in order the better to resist the disease if it appears. Finally, it is urged that the breeding or introduction of foreign salmonoids should be discontinued. As a rule, when such fish are introduced into rivers they are not in robust health, and thereby predisposed to take the disease. The need of such a prohibition is especially great in the case of rainbow-trout, which, both in France and in this country, appear peculiarly susceptible to the disease. Instead of foreign stock, rivers should be replenished with salmonoids of native origin, which have the best chance, if not of escaping, at least of successfully fighting the disease.—R. LYDEKKER.

#### BOSTON BRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the interesting little notice of Boston Bridge in last week's *COUNTRY LIFE*, your contributor speaks of the names "Little Misery," "Grand Slam," etc., as having survived in obscurity for many years. He evidently does not know that the game of Boston is still played in England, and has been played,

to my knowledge, by several generations of our family. Bridge is evidently derived from Boston, even to the values of the cards, though "No trumps" in Boston is called "Glorioso." "Grand Slam" is called "Grand Schlem," which does not look like a corruption of Salem. I always understood the game was Russian, notwithstanding its name. Certainly in Russian novels it is constantly introduced into pictures of provincial life, even in the early part of last century. Your correspondent having given the origin of the names "Great" and "Little Misery," I should be glad if he could give that of "Piccolissimo," a game in Boston in which one player attempts to make one, and only one, trick against the other three. I may add, our rules were in MS.—KATE BAXTER.

#### THE NEW IRISH TIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Just before I received *COUNTRY LIFE* last week with an account of the Irish tits the following letter came to me. It comes from a careful and trustworthy observer who has made her garden a sanctuary for birds, and who generally has several wild birds on friendly terms. I should say that the garden of her house is on the edge of a cliff in East Devon. This is what she says: "I have a new tit. Could you tell me anything about the one found at Sligo? My tit is also a coal tit in size. It may be a hybrid, but its glossy black is more like the great tit than the blue tit. It has white cheeks and a white top to its head, all contrasted with glossy black round beak and eyes. It has the proportions of a coal tit, a larger head than the blue tit and a shorter body. Sitting inside a half coconut there was room and to spare without crushing or, indeed, touching its tail-feathers. I thought it was a crested tit, which I have never seen, but found it too small and too short. Its body was a dull olive grey, and the bar on the wings faint and indefinite. From the black throat to the rump was a dull sulphur. I had a long look at it, standing with the glasses at my door window while it worked in a coconut on the balcony window [not six feet from where she stood] until a big tit came and drove it away, giving me a good example of their comparative sizes. It was here again this morning. Its head is like a miniature magpie, so vividly black and white. Coal tits breed on the cliff by the dining-room window." I send this because it seems to me very like the bird described by Mr. Ogilvie-Grant, and in any case, if it is a coal tit, is an interesting variation.—X.

#### SINGED PIG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be interesting to your correspondent "M" to know that the singeing of pigs as described in your issue of January 28th was carried on in much the same way in Normandy a few years ago, and probably is still done. Upon looking one morning out of our window, which faced the Seine at Caudebec, it was somewhat disconcerting to watch the arrival on the quay of a hand-truck, on which was laid a huge pig. As the barrow moved, the ears, head and legs of the animal wagged about in such a way that it was hard to believe that it was not still alive. A truss of straw was spread out on the pavement exactly



opposite the hotel—the fashionable part of Caudebec—to form a sort of funeral pyre, apparently. The animal was laid upon this and the straw duly lighted. It flared up well, and the pig was turned over and over, still flapping its ears and shaking its fore legs till it was thoroughly blackened all over. One of the men then took a stiff broom and quickly removed the darkened bristles with it, these leaving behind them a wholesome-looking pink beast ready for the *charcuterie*. To our town-bred eyes the performance had a decided air of ghastliness about it; but when the operators were asked why they chose such a public spot for the business, the reply, given with the utmost nonchalance, was "Voilà donc, Monsieur [the pork butcher], n'a pas un cour, ainsi, que voulez-vous?" and so probably to this day he has his pigs singed in face of the visitors of the quaint old town of Caudebec, greatly, at first sight, to their dismay.—E. T. M.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to "M.'s" letter, may I say that I well remember this practice in Gloucestershire forty years ago. The carcase of the pig was enveloped in straw, and I recall with what fascination and awe we youngsters watched the application of a match and the consequent blaze of straw and pig bristles. I think I am right in saying that the practice was only adopted in the case of pigs of considerable size.—W. E. BARTLETT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "M." may find that the farmers in the Midlands continue the old custom of singeing their bacon pigs. But I am told that, owing to the dearth of straw, some town butchers scald their bacon pigs to remove the bristles. The singed bacon is supposed to have a better flavour and is firmer. The young pigs (porkers) are always scalded and sold as fresh pork. The method of singeing I have seen adopted is to scatter straw over the body of the pig, and when lit the burning straw is moved over the body with a fork until all the body is singed. It is then scraped and brushed. Well-fed bacon so treated is a luxury for a keen appetite. It is strange that we cannot buy pork pies here in the South of England equal to those made in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire. Both crust and meat are better from the Midlands.—T. S.

#### GREEN OAK WOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last Saturday I was walking under some oak trees in a field by my garden, and I picked up two or three dead branches that had been blown off, I think, during the recent gale. I carried these home and chopped them up. Imagine my surprise to find that in the case of one—a branch perhaps four feet long and two inches in diameter—the wood inside was wholly of a bright green hue. The bark was intact and the appearance of it quite normal. I have shown this wood to several friends, all of whom are interested and none of whom have ever seen or heard of anything like it before. The wood itself was, of course, dead, but firm—not what is known as touch-wood. I should be much obliged if you could throw some light on this phenomenon, and hoping that this may be the result I send you some to see if you are interested.—H. VIVASH.

[The bright green colour of the piece of oak wood which you sent for inspection is due to a fungus which stains the tissues of the wood. During late autumn and winter the fruiting stage of the fungus is noticeable in the form of bright blue patches on the bark, the colour being different from the green of the stained wood. The fungus is known under the scientific name of *Chlorosplenium æruginosum*, and has only been known to infest dead wood. It is common in many parts of the

country among old trees. Formerly the sound, stained wood was in demand under the name of "green oak" for the manufacture of Tunbridge ware, but nowadays dyed wood is often substituted.—ED.]

#### PHOTOGRAPHY, NOT CARICATURE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am sending you photographs that have caused my family much amusement. They were taken in Egypt, and show the interior of an ancient temple and an idol, whereas you might easily imagine them to be caricatures of Mr. John Redmond by Sir F. Carruthers Gould or Mr. E. T. Reed (inspired by memories of "Chantecler"). They are photographs of an antique divinity, but perhaps Mr. Redmond had some remote ancestor among

the early Egyptians who acted as model to the sculptor.—N.

#### WHEAT AND FROST.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me if there is a kind of wheat that is proof against frosts? I have been told that there is, and that it will stand against frosts in the North-West of Canada, and would even grow at the North Pole! I ask for information, as this is a subject which I do not understand.—J. LIVINGSTON.

[Many sorts of wheat are known which are moderately resistant to frost, but in even the hardest of them a considerable percentage of the plants are killed off by the winter's cold. On the Continent, more particularly perhaps in Sweden, experiments have been carried out for years in order to obtain more hardy sorts, but without much success. If a really hardy winter wheat were obtained, it would be of enormous value, for then the wheat belt could be pushed still further North and an enormous acreage brought under cultivation. The problem appeals particularly to the Canadians. Their method of solving it is to grow varieties which are not especially frost-resistant, but which mature so rapidly that if sown in the spring they can be harvested before the early frosts come to shivel the grain. In consequence we find the experimental farms of that country importing and testing wheats from India, which by their early ripening may dodge the frosts—not resist them.—ED.]



PHARAOH'S REDMOND.

#### URSULA, A THRUSH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It was in the October of 1909 that I made Ursula's acquaintance. It was in that month that my doctor ordered me complete rest and open windows night and day. One morning I was watching the changing colours of the sunrise over Duddingston Loch and the flickering shadows cast by the light through the willow trees at the foot of the garden, when my attention was aroused by the soft alighting on my window-sill of a bird. A beam of rosy light fell on her spotted breast and caught the amber of her placid eyes, which she turned on me in mild surprise, as if saying, "Why are you not up and away like me?" "Ursula," I called, softly. That name seemed the only suitable one for my visitor, but "Ursula" she has been to me ever since that sunny morning in October. I threw a small piece of biscuit on the window-sill at her feet, which startled her for a moment, but she recovered herself and accepted it gracefully. Morning after morning at the same hour she arrived, spotless and clean, ready for breakfast. Very soon she came on to the dressing-table, and even on to the floor. There was much coaxing on my part before she got over her natural shyness. She always perched first on the edge of the window-sill looking at me, until I invited her by the words, "Come along, Ursula; come away." She hardly ever came without these encouraging words. Now comes the strange part of my story. In March I was sent to Perthshire for three months, and the first day after my return, when lying in a hammock chair in the garden, I saw hopping towards me a very dirty, careworn and harassed-looking thrush, as if the weight of the world was on her shoulders! "Surely," I thought, "this can't be Ursula." I happened to have a small biscuit in my pocket. I crumbled up part of it and threw it down near my chair. "Ursula," I called, "come along then, Ursula." The thrush hopped close to me, but instead of eating the biscuit there, flew with it to some irises near the wall and disappeared behind them. She continued doing this two or three times, and then, making up her mind I could be trusted, brought along with her, three feet from my chair, two lovely young thrushes, which she proceeded to feed alternately with biscuit. It was a most beautiful sight. After her family were satisfied she conducted them to cover, returned alone and took her own meal; then she jumped in great excitement into a soup-plate of water that was near me and, flicking her tail up and down, splashed the water all around with her sooty wings, ending up with perching on the rim and preening her feathers. Every day this performance was gone through till the young birds could look after themselves. She disappeared for a time, but when the weather grew colder she was again, clothed in her new dress, a daily visitor to my room. There is always a wooden plate with currants and broken biscuits ready for her, and a small metal dish full of water. I daresay if I went to my room just now I would see her. "I do not think," said my doctor, "there is another room in Edinburgh with such a visitor!"—C. H. M. JOHNSTONE.



AN ANCIENT MODEL FOR THE CARTOONIST.



ALMS-BOXES OLD AND NEW.

used to say we owed our climate to the Gulf Stream—if so, what happened to it in 1909 and 1910?" Number two repudiated the responsibility of the long-suffering Gulf Stream, but was quite at a loss to account for the rain; but number three knew all about it. "It's all along o' this wireless telegraphy!" he said. "Stands to reason. We've never had summers like the last since I can remember. What's caused 'em? You look round and there's only two new things you can see—airships and wireless telegraphy. Well, I'm not saying the airships haven't something to do with it, an' I'm not goin' to say they have. But now take this wireless business; what is it but concentrated electricity flyin' all over the country? Very well. All this extra manufactured electricity attracts the moisture in the air—and there's your wet summer." He had such an educated manner and was so entirely earnest that the other two accepted his explanation without question. Now I am wondering what steps they will take to abate the nuisance.—O. M.

#### YOUNG JAPAN AT SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR. SIR,—A few years ago Japanese school boys and girls used to sit on the floor; but this practice is now abolished, and the pupils use English chairs. The accompanying photograph by Mr. Matsuoku shows a class at work. You will notice the



A SCHOOLROOM IN JAPAN.

#### AN OLD ALMS-BOX.

[TO THE EDITOR.] SIR,—I think your readers may be interested in the enclosed photograph of an old alms-box, which stands against a pillar in Lostwithiel Church. The base, with its rudely-carved figure and the date 1645, is very unusual, and the box itself would seem to have been made at a different period, as it is not the full width of the stand. The workmanship is, at all events, in very interesting contrast to the modern alms-box of Gothic design which rests near by.—S. H. C.

#### WET AND WIRELESS.

[TO THE EDITOR.] SIR,—I happened to hear a rather amusing discussion between three gardeners the other day on the probable cause of the two wet seasons we have just endured. Having recalled to mind the halcyon days of summers long past, the eldest of the trio said: "They

brightness of the room, which, indeed, gives it the appearance of a conservatory rather than that of a schoolroom.—E. F.

#### A HERON AND A WATER-RAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the enclosed photograph may be of interest to your readers. We have many times had great pleasure in observing a beautiful heron standing on the banks of a stream near here (Ballina), where no doubt he hoped to obtain the fish which his soul loved; but, alas! he did not content himself with these, and one sad day, to his own undoing, he evidently seized upon a large water-rat, which, proving too much for him, lodged in his throat, eventually resulting in the tragedy our illustration depicts. We found him lying quite dead in a ditch a few yards away from his favourite stream. No efforts of ours could remove the rat, which was firmly fixed in his murderous throat, so we carried both victims home and photographed them. The rat was eventually removed by the keeper with a pair of pincers before he gave decent burial to its destroyer, to whose beautiful plumage our photograph, alas, cannot do justice.—M. SAUNDERS-KNOX-GORE.



A HERON'S LAST MOUTHFUL.

#### THE LABOURER'S FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—This is a subject of great interest. Many of the labourers' wives have not the education which their mothers and grandmothers possessed in the art of making both ends meet by not only looking after both "ends," but all along the line as well. I remember when there was no really white bread, but good brown cottage loaves, of the crusty sort so well liked, sung and talked about, baked in hunches in the side oven by the cottager's wife and daughters. The barn used was from the public-house "brewhus," or was a home-made substance called "bang-up barn." A bad baking was almost unknown. Another kind was brown bread made of flour out of which only the coarse bran had been taken. I remember my parents talking of a series of bad seasons, 1811 or 1812, when the wheat harvested was with difficulty threshed, and was then so soft that it could not be ground, so they boiled the wheat, rubbed it through fine sieves, mixed the mass with potatoes served in the same way and then baked it in small loaves or cakes in the oven; and this was eaten by all the household, including men and women servants. Some spoke of those years as "war-time" and "famine-time." In those days, and for years later on, the farm labourers' wives wasted very little indeed. Bacon was the staple meat, with a bit of beef or mutton at the week-end. And for them it was good when "a mestur" had to kill a sheep or beast "to save its life," for "it did not matter much if th' blud wer let out." A few scraps of bacon and meat went a long way towards the making of "a tatur-pie," a chief item being a good thick crust. The Irish stew was made in much the same fashion, only it was boiled in a black pot. There was always a stew pipkin standing on the hob, into which bits were thrown for making broth. There were some kinds of greenstuff to be had all the year round, such as "brockla nobs," cabbage sprouts, turnip-tops, nettle-tops—"a nettle broth" was good for complaints seldom caught—and there was always a corner in a garden where parsley could be pulled at any time. Potatoes were

always boiled in their "jackets" to save waste, and potatoes in the roasting were often turned so as to cook them to the best advantage. What a family could not eat went into the swill-tub for the pigs. Then, if father and mother did not, the children "licked their platters clean," nor considered there was anything offensive in so doing. The motto, "Waste not, want not," was duly observed, and even the hard, dry "wut-cakes" helped to make a stew.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.